



Printed for Jos. Knight
and Fra. Saunders
at the blue Anchor
in the lower walk
of the new Exchange



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Lyric Poems,

Made in Imitation of the

ITALIANS.

Of which, many are

TRANSLATIONS.

From other Languages.

Mart. Epigram.

Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam?

By *PHILIP ATRES* Esq;

Licensed, R. L. S.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. M. for Jos. Knight and F. Saunders
at the *Blue Anchor* in the Lower Walk of
the *New-Exchange*, 1687.

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TO THE
HONOURABLE
Sir JOHN FENWICK,
Baronet, ,

*Brigadier-General of His Majesty's Forces, and
Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Troop
of His Majesty's Guards of Horse.*

SIR,

NEITHER the considerable
Posts, to which your Me-
rits have formerly advanced you
in Armies abroad in other Coun-
tries, nor those which by your
Experience in Military Affairs,
you have justly gained at home
in your Own, could ever be able
to hinder you from delighting your
self with Books. Those are your

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Companions, as well in your Tent, as your House; wherein your *Genius* hath faithfully guided you in the true Paths of Honour; *Pallas* being the Goddess both of Arms and Learning. The *Greek Hero* could not sleep without *Homer's Iliads* under his Pillow. Besides whom, you have two others for your Pattern, the most accomplished Gentlemen, and Men admirable in your Profession, the World could ever boast of, I mean the famous *Scipio*, and *Julius Cæsar*, both equally addicted to Arts and Arms.

I confess I know your Inclinations lead you to things of more solid Learning, yet guessing that a
Variety

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Variety may not be unpleasant, I have ventured to Dedicate this to you, hoping it may serve your Diversion when tyred with Business, or your more serious Studies. In this Piece there is a Mixture of Subjects as well as of Authors, some of which, I presume, may give you the Satisfaction, I wish, in their Perusal; For I can justly boast that the Translations, are from many of the most admired Poets both Ancient and Modern, in their several Languages extant, which of themselves would need no Apology for their appearing in public, were it not for the Blemishes they may have received in passing thro' my hands; And none

The Epistle Dedicatory.

none of these having been Englished by the Ingenious Translators of our late published *Miscellanies*, as I ever heard, may possibly appear new to you.

Sir, I hope you will pardon the Liberty I have taken, in shewing, by so slight a Present, the Respect, and Honour I justly bear you, I being glad to lay hold on any occasion to declare to the World that I am,

SIR,

Your most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

Pb. Ayres.

THE
PREFACE.

EVery Product of a Man's Wit now-a-days, had need be like that of Jove's Brain, at least in its coming out armed, that it might immediately be in a Condition of defence against the furious Assaults of Criticks, some of which are ready to run down a Book when they have scarce read the Title-page: Of these I expect not a few that will be carping, and first perchance at my Title, Why Lyric Poems? I having in most of them exceeded the proper measure, which in strictness should not reach to the Heroick. To these I say, that I have herein followed the modern Italian, Spanish, and French Poets, who always call Lyrics, all such Sonnets, and other small Poems, which are proper to be set to Music, without restraining themselves to any particular Length of Verse. And our grand Master of Lyrics, even Horace himself, has sometimes inserted the Heroic amongst his:
This

The Preface.

This also his great Imitator Casimire the Polisher, has often done : And the ingenious Mr. Gibbs or Gibbesius our Countrey-man at Rome takes the same liberty ; which yet, I confess, the Greeks would never allow of. If any quarrel at the Oeconomy, or Structure of these Poems, many of them being Sonnets, Canzons, Madrigals, &c. objecting that none of our great Men, either Mr. Waller, Mr. Cowley, or Mr. Dryden, whom it was most proper to have followed, have ever stoop'd to any thing of this sort ; I shall very readily acknowledge, that being sensible of my own Weakness and Inability of ever attaining to the performance of one thing equal to the worst piece of theirs, it easily dissuaded me from that attempt, and put me on this ; which is not without President ; For many eminent Persons have published several things of this nature, and in this method, both Translations and Poems of their own ; As the famous Mr. Spencer, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Richard Fanshaw, Mr. Milton, and some few others ; The success of which, in these things, I must needs say, cannot much be boasted of ; and tho' I have little reason after it

The Preface.

to expect Credit from these my slight Miscellanies, yet has it not discouraged me from adventuring on what my Genius prompted me to. As for those Pieces which I have translated from the modern Poets, I may presume to say, I have taken them from the most celebrated in each Language: The Italians were, Fra. Petrarca, Cav. Marino, Girolamo Preti, Cav. Guarini, Alleffandro Tassoni, and others; The Spaniards, Garci Lasso de la Vega, Don Francisco de Quevedo, Don Luis de Gongora, &c. The Portugueses, Luis de Camoens, &c. But for the French I could scarce find any thing amongst them of this sort, worth my pains of translating. The Latine Authors are so well known, I need say nothing of them. Some of the small Greek Poets I have endeavoured to render as close to the sense of the Original as I could: with others I have taken the liberty of paraphrasing on them: or being but Fragments, have only taken Hints from them; the like I have done with many of the Italian and Spanish Poets. Nor can I deny, but that I have purposely omitted the names of some of the Authors, not acknowledging them

The Preface.

to be Translations: Either because I was not willing my own things should be distinguished from the rest; Or indeed because most of those nameless Pieces may more properly be said to be mine, than the Authors, from whom I only took the Hints of them. Now if any accuse me of Injustice for it, I have this to say, that there were but few of the Old Latine Poets, to whom it might not be objected, that they have often assisted themselves, by such Hints, And almost entire Translations from the Greeks, or Imitations of one another. So did Terence from Menander, Seneca from Euripides, and Virgil is not content to walk in the Footsteps of Homer, but also to have followed, and considerably borrowed from Hesiod, Theocritus, Euripides, and amongst the Latines, from Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucretius, and others, of which I could give many instances. There is a learned Italian, one Fulvio Ursini, who composed a Book of the Thefts of Virgil, which tho' I call Thefts, deserve not the Name, for in that manner which he has used them, they are rather an Honour than a Discredit to him; and 'tis reported he himself, when it was alledged to him by some of
his

The Preface.

his Detractors, that he had stoln his Pœm from Homer, answered, *Magnarum esse virium, Herculi Clavam extorquere de manu.* Meaning, That as it was a great matter to wrest Hercules's Club out of his hand, and keep it; so was it to take Homer's Verses, and make them his own. This is an Art, which to perform it very well, but few attain to the Skill, and is not only allowed of, but commended by Horace in his Art of Poetry.

If I should be blamed for thus exposing my self, when so many of our Ingenious Poets have of late published their Works with such general Applause, I hope I may be allowed, without being thought arrogant, to say, as some of those might, with Theognis,

Χρὴ Μουσῶν δ' ἐξάπνυται καὶ ἄγγελον, εἴτε περὶ πόλιν
 Εἰδὲν σφίσι, μὴ φθορέον πλάθειν.
 Ἄλλα τὰ μὲν μῶδες, τὰ δὲ δεικνύειν, ἄλλα δὲ
 ποιεῖν
 Τὶ σφιν χρήσιται, μὲν γὰρ ὁππάρησιν γὰρ.

And if for the Credit of my several Authors, whom I have here promiscuously shuffled in with mine own Things: Together with the Genius
of

The Preface.

of the Age which seems to be delighted with such Variety, shall make this Piece acceptable to the Judicious Reader; I shall not care for the Bolts of those Censurers, who make it their Business to cry down every thing which comes to their hands, and which they many times understand not, to such I shall apply this of the afore-recited Author.

— ἰδὲ δὲ ὁ Ζεὺς
"Οὐδ' ὕμνῳ πάντας ἀνδράσιν, ἔτ' ἀνθρώπων.

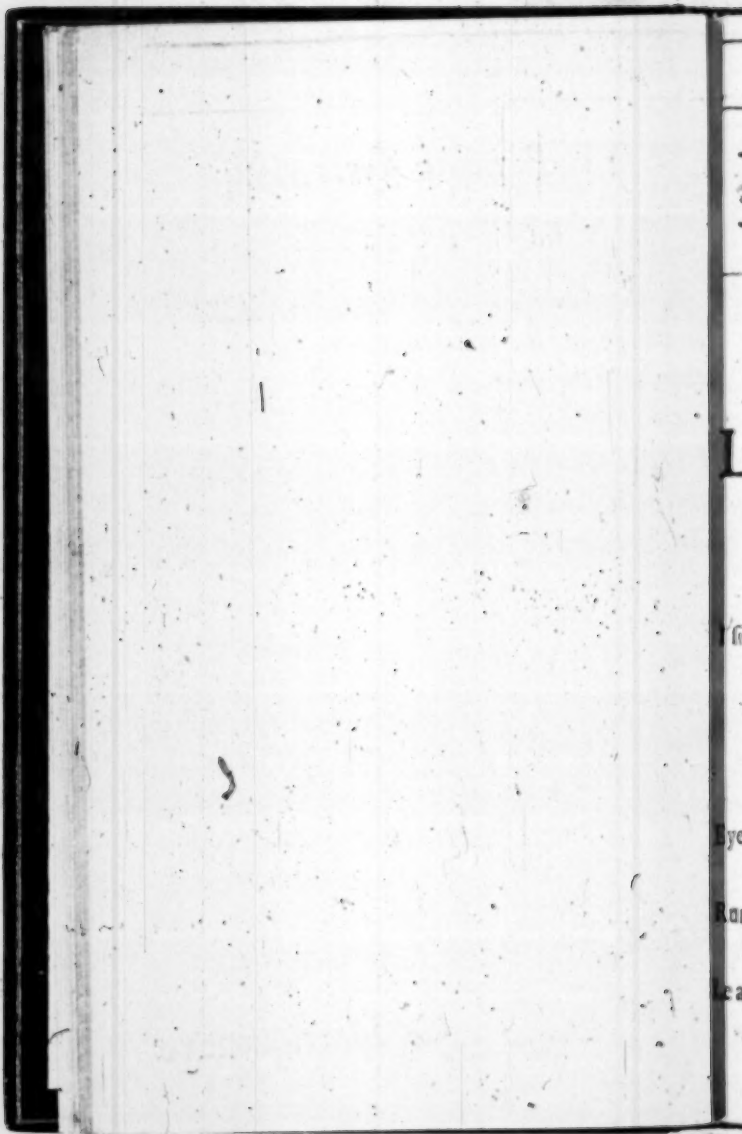
To

To Philip Ayres, Esq;

On his P O E M S.

AS when with utmost Skill some Architect
Designs a Noble Structure to erect,
Searches what e'er each Country does produce
For outward Ornament, or inward Use:
So, Friend, from divers Books thy lab'ring Thought
Has all the huddled am'rous Notions sought,
And into form & shape the unlickt Cubs has brought.
Here Proteus Love thou shew'st in various Dress,
From Gawdy France to more Majestick Greece;
Something thou gather'st too from Roman Ore,
And Spain contributes to thy well-got Store,
Whence (each by thee refin'd in English Mold)
Verse smooth as Oyl does flow, and pure as Gold.
Thus the laborious Bee with painful Toil
From various Flowers of a various Soil,
Duly concocting the abstracted Juice,
In plenty does th' Ambrosial Food produce.

C. Dartiquenave.



Lyric Poems.

The PROEM. To LOVE.

A Sonnet.

LET others sing of *Mars*, and of his Train,
Of great Exploits, and Honourable Scars,
The many dire Effects of Civil Wars,
Death's Triumphs, and Encomiums of the Slain.

Sing the Conflicts I my self sustain,
With her (Great Love) the Cause of all my Cares,
Who wounds with Looks, and setters with her Hairs.
This mournful Tale requires a Tragick Strain.

Eyes were the Arms, did first my Peace controul,
Wounded by them, a Source of Tears there sprung,
Running like Blood from my afflicted Soul;
Thou *Love*, to whom this Conquest does belong,
Leave me at least the Comfort to condole,
And as thou wound'st my Heart, inspire my Song.

B

The

The REQUEST.

To LOVE.

A Sonnet.

O Love, who in my breast's most noble part,
Didst that fair Image lodge, that Form Divine
In whom the Summ of Heavenly Graces shine,
And there ingrav'dst it with thy golden Dart.

Now mighty Work-man! Help me by thy Art,
(Since my dull Pen trembles to strike a Line)
That I on paper copy the Design,
By thee express'd so lively in my Heart.

Lend me, when I this great Attempt do try,
A Feather from thy wings, that whil'st to write,
My hand's employ'd, my thoughts may soar on high
Thy Torch, which fires our hearts and burns so bright,
My darker Fancy let it's Flame supply,
And through my numbers dart celestial Light.

The COMPLAINT.

A Sonnet.

NOW angry *Juno* sends from Heaven in spight
Rivers and Seas, instead of moderate showres:
Horror invests the World, and the bright Hours
Of *Delos* God, are chang'd to dismal Night.

So crowds of anxious Thoughts on ev'ry side,
Invade my Soul, and through my restless Eyes,
I shed such streams of Tears, my Heart e'en tries
Death's pangs, whilst I by force in Life abide.

But the brisk Gales, which rising by and by,
Where *Sol* at night in *Thetis* Lapp shall ly,

Will make Heaven clear, and drive away the Rain.
Ah *Cynthia*! That the blasts of Sighs I vent,
Could ease my Breast of cloudy Discontent,
Which still with fresh Assaults renews my Pain.

B 2

From

*From Girolamo Preti, out of Italian,
on a Race-Horse.*

SON of the Air, Rival of Winds when high,
Swift Courser, thou that without Wings dost fly,
Quicker than Arrows from a *Partbian* Bow;
Compar'd to thee, *Jove's* Thunderbolts are slow.

Men come from Lands remote, thy Race to see,
But when thou'rt pass'd, no Eye can follow thee;
Thine far exceeds the Motion of the Sphears,
Thought cannot equal thee in thy Carrears.

Thy Feet shake th'Earth, whilst Sparks do thee surround
Yet tread not on the Flints, nor touch the Ground:
Thee for his Charrot, *Sol* would have away,
But that he knows thy Speed would shorten Day.

Invites Poets and Historians to write in Cynthia's Praise.

A Sonnet.

COME all ye Wits, that with Immortal Rhymes,
 Glory to others, and your selves create :
 And you that gratifie the future Times,
 Whilst Tales of Love, and Battles ye relate ;

Come, turn your Studies, and your Eyes this way,
 This Theme will crown your heads with lasting Bays,
 'Tis Cynthia's Beauty, Heavenly Cynthia ;
 Come swell your Volumes all with Cynthia's Praise.

Posterity will then your Works admire,
 And for her sake shall them as Jewels prize,
 All things to Cynthia's Glory must conspire,
 She shall be worshipp'd with the Deities.

To her make foreign Lands pay Honours due,
 Thus shall you live by her, and she by you.

Cynthia on Horse-back.

A Sonnet.

FAIR *Cynthia* mounted on her sprightly Pad,
Which in white Robe with silver Fringe was clad,
And swift as wind his graceful steps did move,
As with his Beauteous Guide he'd been in love.

Though fierce, yet humble still to her command,
Obeying ev'ry touch of her fair hand;
Her golden Bitt his foaming mouth did check,
It spread his Crest, and rais'd his bending Neck.

She was the Rose upon this Hill of snow,
Her sparkling Beauty made the glorious Show;
Whence secret Flames men in their bosoms took:
The Graces and the *Cupids* her surround,
Attending her; while cruel she does wound,
With Switch her Horse, and Hearts with ev'ry Lo

On the Death of Cynthia's Horse.

A Sonnet.

W^Hate're the World could boast of fair or good,
 Thy back with pride has born, thou happy Horse,
 ✓ By which thou'rt fall'n in middle of thy course,
 ✓ Too feeble to sustain so great a Load.

Oh happy Fall ! Oh dying full of Bliss !

Whilst she that guided Love did guide thy Head,
 Big with this thought, thou willingly art dead,
 Scorning another burden after this.

A Heaven of Beauty over-prefs'd thy Back,
 This might have made *Alcides* shoulders crack,
 And *Atlas* truckl'd under such a weight:
 Heav'n thee amongst its Horses long'd to see,
 As here the World was late in love with thee,
 When carrying her who to the Sun gave light.

On a Fountain, and its Architect.

A Watry Heap by a fresh Torrent fed,
Hoary with Froth, lifts up its reverend Head,
Whence various Currents falling, their Recoyl
Makes them, when cold as Ice, appear to boyl.

Out from his Temples in an artful Crown
Clear Drops, like strings of Pearls, come trickling down,
Which quickly caught, and thence dispers'd again,
Seem like a Cloud burst into Showres of Rain.

As once *Enceladus*, our Architect,
Great Heaps on Heaps of Marble does erect;
And, like a second *Moses*, when that's done,
Commands fresh Springs of Water from the Stone.

When Heav'ns are clear, this Man a second *Jove*,
From Earth exhales the Waters up above,
And thence in Cataracts can make them pour,
When in the Sky there's neither Cloud nor Showr.

Describes

*Describes the place where Cynthia is sporting
her self.*

BEhold yon' Hill, how it is swell'd with pride,
And that aspiring Oak upon its side,
With how much scorn they overlook the Plain,
Proud of the lovely Guest they entertain.

See with what haste those Crystal Springs do flow,
T'incorporate with the Silver Brook below;
There does my wanton *Cynthia* sporting stand,
Printing her Footsteps on the yielding sand.

Look *Thyrsis* how she fills with Joy the place,
She Baths her Feet, and views her Angels Face;
Sure I've a Rival of that amorous Hill,
And those are streams of tears which thence distill.

His

His RETIREMENT.

A Purling Brook glides by this place away,
It's Tribute to the Royal *Thames* to pay,
Nature makes Arbours here, and ev'ry Tree
Disposes all it's Boughs to favour me ;

The Birds sweet Notes here Echo's do repeat,
Here gentle Winds do moderate Summers heat :
Clear is the Air, and verdant is the Grass,
My Couch of Flowers, the Stream's my Looking-glass.

Ah *Cynthia* ! All the Birds that hear and see,
Seem in their Language to condole with mee,
And as I mourn, they pretty Songs do sing,
T' express thy Rigour, and my Suffering.

Whilst to the list'ning Air I make my moan,
And sigh and murmur sitting here alone :
The very Air sighs at my misery,
The Waters murmur too in Sympathy.

A Cha-

A Character of his Friend, W. B. Esq;

TO raise up Vertue when 'tis sinking down,
Toyl less for Wealth than to acquire Renown,
T' inrich the Mind, and crown the Head with Bays,
Subdue the Passions, and the Soul to raise.

T' increase in Glory, as in years he grows,
To bear ripe Fruit, e'en e're his Blossom blows,
Faster than Honours, Merits to repeat,
Keep the Sense cold, but fill the Soul with heat.

Not Arts neglect, nor slight *Apollo's* Lute,
Whilst of *Astrea* he's in hot pursute;
In antient Tongues new Eloquence rehearse,
To master both the Greek and Latine Verse.

'Gainst Sloth, perpetual Hatred to maintain,
But with the *Muses* Friendship still retain;
Here upon Earth all others to transcend,
Still the labour of my Noble Friend.

A Sonnet.

A Sonnet.

Of LOVE.

IF Love it be not, what is this I feel?
If it be Love, what Love is, fain I'd know?
If good, why the effects severe and ill?
If bad, why do its torments please me so?

If willingly I burn, should I complain?
If 'gainst my will, what helps it to lament?
Oh living Death! oh most delightful Pain!
How comes all this, if I do not consent?

If I consent, 'tis madness then to grieve;
Amidst these storms, in a weak Boat I'm tost
Upon a dangerous Sea, without relief,
No help from Reason, but in Error lost.

Which way in this distraction shall I turn?
That freeze in Summer, and in Winter burn.

*On the Picture of Lucretia stabbing
her self.*

LUcretia inflam'd with Anger, Grief and Shame,
Despising Life, yet careful of her Fame,
Wounds her fair Breast, tho' arm'd with Innocence
Could suffer Death, but could not the Offence.

Her Steel was sharp, her End with Glory Crown'd,
She sought Revenge, and valu'd not the Wound;
This so appeas'd her rage, that being Dead,
She look'd like one reveng'd, not injured.

'Twas Beauty sinn'd, said she, then let it dye,
That forc'd me to this last extremity;
Were't not for Beauty I had guiltless been,
For it was that made lustful Tarquin sin.

So I to Violence a Prey was made,
No Tears avail'd when Vertue was betray'd.
Haughty he was, my Beauty proud as he,
They made me Slave, but thus my self I free.

Complains,

*Complains, being hindred the sight of
his Nymph.*

TO view these Walls each night I come alone,
And pay my Adoration to the Stone,
Whence Joy and Peace are influenc'd on me,
For 'tis the Temple of my Deity.

As Nights and Days an anxious Wretch by stealth
Creeps out to view the place which hoards his Wealth;
So to this House that keeps from me my Heart,
I come, look, traverse, weep, and then depart.

She's fenc'd so strongly in on ev'ry side,
Thought enters, but my Footsteps are deny'd.
Then sighs in vain I breathe, and Tears let fall:
Kiss a cold Stone sometimes, or hugg the Wall.

For like a Merchant that rough Seas has crost,
Near home is shipwrack'd, and his Treasure lost;
So, toss'd in storms of sorrow, on firm ground,
I in a Sea of mine own Tears am drown'd.

The

The Pleas'd Captive.

A S O N G.

A Glorious Angel coming on the Wing,
 From Heav'n descended near a River side,
 Where me alone my Destiny did bring;
 To view the pleasant Fields without a Guide;
 A Net she'd laid drawn by a silken String,
 So hid in Grass, it could not be espy'd,
 There was I captive taken in her Snare,
 But *Cynthia's* chains who would not chuse to wear!

The Incurable.

A S O N G.

(Grass

O NE, amongst Flowers, green Leaves, and the cool
 Takes his delight, and pleasant hours does pass,
 This in a Cave can rest, or quiet Grove,
 And that in Wars forgets the Thoughts of Love:
 Some vent their Sighs to th' Air, and ease do find,
 A Spring may quench the fever of the Mind.

But to my Grief no Remedy can bring,
 Flowers, Leaves, Grass, Cave, Grove, Wars, the Air,
 (nor Spring.

On

On a Fair Beggar.

Barefoot and ragged, with neglected Hair,
She whom the Heavens at once made poor and fair,
With humble voice and moving words did stay,
To beg an Alms of all who pass'd that way.

But thousands viewing her became her Prize,
Willingly yielding to her conquering Eyes,
And caught by her ~~bright~~ Hairs, whilst careless she
Makes them pay Homage to her Poverty.

So mean a Boon, said I, what can extort
From that fair Mouth, where wanton Love to sport
Amidst the Pearls and Rubies we behold?
Nature on thee has all her Treasures spread,
Do but incline thy rich and pretious Head,
And those fair Locks shall pour down showres of
Gold.

A Sonnet

A Sonnet.

Out of Italian, from Claudio Achillini.

Written by a Nymph in her own Blood.

SINCE, Cruel *Thyrsis*, you my Torments slight,
And take no notice of my Amorous Flame,
In these Vermilion Letters thus I write
My bloody Reasons to confirm the same.

These of my Passion are the lively Marks,
Which from my Veins you here in Blood see writ,
Touch them, your Breast will kindle with the Sparks,
The ardent Characters are reeking yet.

Nor can my Pen alone my Heart explain,
My very Soul o're-charg'd with grief, I fain
Would send enclos'd herein, the truth to prove.
And if I've been too sparing of my Blood,
This is the Reason why I stopp'd the Flood,
I would not spoil the Face I'd have you love.

C

A Sonnet.

A Sonnet.

The Rose and Lily.

Courted by *Cupids*, and the Amorous Air,
Upon a shady Throne, at her Repose,
She fate, than whom, none e're so sweet or fair;
It was the Queen of Flowers, the Blushing Rose.

With no less pride, upon his Bed of State,
A Lily, pale with Envy, look'd that way;
With humble Flowers, encompass'd round he fate,
And scorn'd the Scepter at her Feet to lay.

To Arms, with Thorns and Prickles, they prepare,
And each designs to try it out by War;
Till on good Counsel, they in Rule combine:
So in your Face, the lovely White and Red,
Cynthia, I see, all Quarrels banished,
And Rose and Lily do in Empire joyne.

*A Defiance, returning to the Place of his
past Amours.*

A Heart of Ice, did here my Heart inflame,
Bound with loose Hairs, a Pris'ner I became,
Here first sweet Love, tho bitter in the end,
Flatter'd with Spight, with Kindness did offend.

But from Assaults, a new Defence I'm taught,
And my past Ills an Antidote have brought;
So the poor Bird that once escape has made,
Returns with caution where the Net is laid.

With my late Damp, all Sparks of Love expire,
My Feet approach, yet does my Soul retire,
Tho near her Presence, I can justly say,
My Eyes, and Mind tend quite another way.

With her my Lute could no Attention find,
Now will I please my self, not sing to th' Wind;
With Laurel here, where Cypress late I wore,
Dill triumph more than e're I griev'd before.

DISTANCE.

FAR from the Fire I burn, and run in vain,
Slowly from winged Love, to 'scape the Pain;
So the swift Arrows, flying quick as Wind,
Wound them that run, when th' Archer stays behind.

Love, tho' I strive with Art to shun the Blow,
Fiercely assaults my Heart where e're I go;
As he can best a mortal Stroak command,
Who has most compass for his striking Hand.

Hoping to 'scape, I as the Bird do fare,
That has his Foot entangled in a Snare;
Fears Death, or in a Prison to be cast,
Flutters its Wings, and strives, but still is fast.

So I, with all my Toyl, no Ease have got,
My Strugling does but faster tye the Knot,
For *Cynthia* imitating Heavens swift Ray,
Near, or at distance, can her Flames convey.

A Sonnet.

On Signor Pietro Reggio his setting to
Music several of Mr. Cowley's
Poems.

IF *Theban Pindar* rais'd his Country's Fame,
Whilst its great Deeds he does in Odes rehearse,
And they made greater by his Noble Verse,
In Gratitude are Trophies to his Name :

Then *English Pindar* shall for ever live,
Since his Divine, and Lofty Poetry,
Secur'd, Great *Reggio*, by thy Harmony,
Shall to it self Immortal Glory give.

The World's amaz'd to hear the sweet Consent,
Betwixt thy charming Voice and Instrument,
They'd stop the Bays which from *Apollo* fled;
Thy skilful Notes would make in full Career
Mars the God of Musick stay to hear,
And with his *Daphne* crown thy Rival Head.

From a Drinking Ode of Alcæus,

Beginning, Πίνετε, τί τ' λύχρον ἀμείνομεθα.

DRINK on, tho' Night be spent and Sun do shine,
 Did not the Gods give anxious Mortals Wine?
 To wash all Care and Sorrow from the Heart,
 Why then so soon should Jovial Fellows part?
 Come, let this Bumper for the next make way,
 Who's sure to live, and drink another Day?

An EPITAPH.

On a Dutch CAPTAIN.

HERE lies a Souldier not oblig'd to Fame,
 Being forc'd his own Atchievements to reherse
 He dy'd not rich, yet I would tell his Name,
 Could I but comprehend it in my Verse.

*On Cynthia, singing a Recitative
Piece of Musick.*

dy.

ne,

/ine?

O Thou Angelick Spirit, Face, and Voice,
Sweet Syren, whose soft Notes our Souls rejoice,
Yet when thou dost recite some Tragick Verse,
Thy Tone and Action make it sweetly fierce.

If thou soft, loud, sad or brisk Note dost hit,
It carries still our Hearts along with it;
Thou canst heat, cool, grieve us, or make us smile,
Nay stab or kill, yet hurt us not the while.

cher

Thy Gesture, Shape, and Mien, so pleasing are,
With thee, no Humane Being can compare;
Thy Passions, all our Passions do excite,
And thy feign'd Grief does real Tears invite.

Lisning to thee, our Bodies seem as dead,
For our rapt Souls then up to Heav'n are fled;
So great a Monarch art thou, that thy Breath
Has power to give us either Life, or Death.

A Sonnet.

*On the Picture of Cavalier Guarini, Author
of Il Pastor Fido, painted by the Famous
Borgianni, and set up in his Fun-
eral Pile at Rome.*

YOU, who to Fam'd *Guarini*, now he's dead,
Your Verses consecrate, and Statues reare,
For that sweet *Padan* Swan your Tears have shed,
Sweetest that ever did, or will sing here.

Behold this Picture on his Fun'ral Pile,
Your mournful Spirits 'twill with Joy revive,
Tho' th' Artist cheats your Senses all the while,
For 'tis but Paint which you would swear does live.

This serves to keep our Friend in Memory,
Since Death hath robb'd us of his better Part,
And that he so might live as ne're to dye,
He drew himself too, but with diff'rent Art.

Judge, which with greatest Life and Spirit looks,
Borgianni's Painting, or *Guarini's* Books.

On old Rome.

HERE was old *Rome* that stretch'd her Empire far,
In Peace was fear'd, triumphant was in War:
Here 'twas, for now its place is only found,
All that was *Rome* lyes buried under Ground.

These Ruines hid in Weeds, on which Man treads,
Were Structures w^{ch} to Heav'n rais'd their proud Heads:
Rome that subdu'd the World, to Time now yields,
With Rubbish swells the Plains, and strews the Fields.

Think not to see what so Renown'd has been,
Nothing of *Rome*, in *Rome* is to be seen;
Vulcan and *Mars*, those wasting Gods have come,
And ta'ne *Rome's* Greatness utterly from *Rome*:

They spoyl'd with Malice, e're they would depart,
What e're was rare of Nature or of Art:
Its greatest Trophies, they destroy'd and burn'd;
She that o're turn'd the World, to Dust is turn'd.

Well

Well might she fall, 'gainst whom such Foes conspire,
 Old Time, Revengeful Man, and Sword and Fire:
 Now all we see of the Great Empréss *Rome*,
 Are but the Sacred Reliques of her Tomb.

A SONG.

Revenge against Cynthia.

SEE, *Cupid*, we have found our lovely Foe,
 Who slights thy Pow'r, and does my Flame despise,
 Now thou art arm'd with all thy Shafts and Bow,
 And she at Mercy 'twixt two Enemies.

Asleep she's laid upon this Bed of Flowers,
 Her Charms the sole Defence to save her Breast;
 Thoughtless of injur'd me, or of thy Powers;
 Oh, that a Guilty Soul can take such rest!

Now may'st thou eas'ly with a single Dart
 Revenge thy self, and me upon her Heart.

A Sonnet

A Sonnet.

Love's Contrariety.

I Make no War, and yet no Peace have found,
 With heat I melt, when starv'd to death with cold.
 I soar to Heav'n, whil groveling on the Ground,
 Embrace the World, yet nothing do I hold.

I'm not confin'd, yet cannot I depart,
 Nor loose the Chain, tho not a Captive led;
 Love kills me not, yet wounds me to the Heart,
 Will neither have m' alive, nor have me dead.

Being blind, I see; not having voice, I cry:
 I wish for Death, while I of Life make choice;
 I hate my self, yet love you tenderly;
 Do feed of Tears, and in my Grief rejoice.

Thus, *Cynthia*, all my Health is but Disease;
 Both Life and Death do equally displease.

Invites

Invites his Nymph to his Cottage.

ON yon' Hill's Top which this sweet Plain commands,
Fair *Cynthia*, all alone my Cottage stands,
'Gainst Storms, and scorching Heats well fortify'd,
With Pines, and spreading Oaks on ev'ry side.

My Lovely Garden too adjoining lyes,
Of sweetest Flowers, and of the richest Dyes:
The Tulip, Jas'min, Emony, and Rose,
Of which we'll Garlands for thy Head compose.

Nature to make my Fountain, did its Part,
Which ever flows without the help of Art,
A faithful Mirroir shall its Waters be,
Where thou may'st sit beneath a shady Tree,

Admiring what above the World I prize,
Thy self, the Object of thine own fair Eyes,
And which is greatest let the Spring proclaim,
Thy Powers of Love, or this my Amorous Flame.

'Tis hard to follow Vertue.

I Rais'd sometimes my Thoughts and fixt them right,
Where Vertue, and where Glory did invite,
And in the Steps of Few, and Best, have trod,
Scorning to take the Vulgar, Beaten Road.

But him who aims at Glory they deride,
He's one 'gainst most, and worst must stemm the Tide;
Since now on fordid Wealth, this Age so blind,
As on its Chiefest Good has fixt its Mind:

For the Great Things, the World has in its Hand,
Are Gold and Silver, Jewels, and Command;
These are the Gifts, which Fortune does dispence,
And may be got by Theft, and Violence.

Yet from this Lethargy thò I arise,
And shake the Clouds of Error from my Eyes;
Reject the wrong, and Right to chuse begin,
Than change my Course, I sooner can my Skin.

ENDYM.

ENDYMION and DIANA.

An Heroick Poem.

Written in Italian by Alessandro Tassoni.

I.

ON Bed of Flowers *Endymion* sleeping lay,
 Tir'd with the Toyl of a long Summers-day,
 Whilst softest Winds, and Season of the Year,
 Agree to make his Graces all appear:
 The wanton *Cupids* in a Troop descend,
 Play with his Horn, and do his Bow unbend,
 And *Love*, this small Assembly came to grace,
 Wond'ring to see the Shepherd's charming Face.

II.

The *Air* to view him could not chuse but stay,
 And with his Locks upon his Forehead play.
 The *Cupids* round about him were employ'd,
 While some did into Curls his Hair divide;
 Others of Flowers, of which they'd pic'kd and brought
 Their Hands-full, many various Fancies wrought;
 Fetters, as if they would his Feet restrain,
 Wreaths for his Head, and for his Wrists a Chain.

III.

This, with his Lips compar'd, a Piony,
 Another, a Vermilion Emby;
 Then at his Cheeks a Rose and Lily try'd,
 The Rose it faded, and the Lily dy'd.
 Still was the Wind, the Meadow, Field and Grove,
 The very Waters were not heard to move.
 All things were hush'd, and did a silence keep,
 As some had whisper'd, Peace, here's *Love* asleep.

Whe

IV.

When the bright Goddess of the lowest Orb,
Deck'd with the Rays of *Sol* her absent Lord,
Of Heav'n the dusky Mantle did unfold,
And silently Earth's wondrous Scene behold ;
Then having first dispers'd in little Showres ,
The Pearly Dew upon the Grass and Flowres ;
Spying this place which such delights could yield,
Came down to take the Pleasure of the Field.

V.

Quickly the little *Cupids* disappear,
So soon as e're the Goddess drew but near ;
Who seeing the sleeping Youth alone, she stays,
With Passion on his lovely face to gaze :
Till Virgin Modesty quench'd her bold Flame ;
Of Folly then convinc'd, she blush'd for shame ;
And just was turning to have quit the place,
But was recall'd by that alluring Face.

VI.

In through her Eyes a Spark slid to her Heart ;
Which fir'd her Soul ; Nor could she thence depart,
But nearer by degrees, her steps does guide,
Till she sat down close by the Shepherd's side ;
And of the Flowers with which the *Cupids* plaid,
When Gyves, and Fetters they in Sport had made :
Such Snares she wove, her self was in them ta'ne,
And as the Shepherd's Captive, wore his Chain.

Straight

VII.

Straight on his hand an eager Kiss she prest,
 Then thousand on his Lips, Cheeks, Eyes and Breast;
 Nor in this Transport could her self contain,
 'Till she with Kisses wak'd the sleeping Swain,
 Who being amaz'd at that Cœlestial Light,
 With Reverence trembled at the Glorious Sight:
 He would have gone when fre'd from his Surprise,
 But tho' he strove, she would not let him rise.

VIII.

Fair Sleeper, would'st thou go, said she, so soon,
 Be not afraid, Behold it is the Moon,
 That comes to sport with thee in this sweet Grove,
 Guided by Fate, Necessity and Love:
 Be not disturb'd at this unusual Sight,
 We silently in Joys will spend the Night:
 But if thou tell what I to thee have sed,
 Expect Heav'n's utmost Vengeance on thy Head.

IX.

Goddess of Night, that take'st from Sol thy Flame,
 I, said the Youth, a silly Shepherd am;
 But if thou promise me in Heav'n a Place,
 To be translated hence from Humane Race,
 Then of my Faith thou may'st assured live,
 Of which this Mantle as a Pledge I'll give;
 The same my Father *Esbo* gave the Night,
 That he his Faith to *Calice* did plight.

X.

This said, his Mantle quickly he unbound,
That was with Flowers of Pearl embroyder'd round,
Which then he wore o're his left Shoulder slung,
And with two Ends beneath his right Arm hung;
Gave it the Goddess, who had now thrown by
All Sense of Honour and of Modesty:
And like a Frost-nip'd Flower, she by his Charms
Being thus o'come, dropt down into his Arms.

XI.

Never more closely does the tender Vine,
About the shady Elm her Lover twine,
Nor the green Ivie more Affection bring,
When she about her Pine does kindly cling,
Than these two vigorous Lovers there express,
Love having shot his Fire through eithers Breast:
With all their Art and Industry they strove,
How they might then enjoy their fill of Love.

XII.

Thus Whilst in Wantonness they spend the Night,
And use all Skill that might promote delight,
Now th'd with what before they ne'er had try'd,
These happy Lovers rested satisfy'd:
Then Fair *Diana* lifting up her Eyes,
Accus'd her cruel Stars and Destinies,
That her so long through so much Error drew,
And let her rather Beasts than Love pursue.

XIII.

Ah, Fool! said she, How I too late repent,
 That to the Woods I e're a Hunting went;
 How many Years have I consum'd since then,
 Which I must never think to see agen?
 How many pretious Minutes ev'ry Day,
 Did I in that mad Pastime fool away!
 And how much better is one sweet Embrace
 Than all the toylsome Pleasures of the Chase?

From an Ode of Horace

Beginning *Vides ut alta stet nive candidum.*

SEE how the Hills are candy'd o're with Snow,
 The Trees can scarce their Burdens undergo;
 Frost does the Rivers wonted course retain,
 That they refuse their Tribute to the Main:

Winds, Frost, and Snow against our Lives conspire;
 Lay on more Wood (my Friends) and blow the Fire
 'Gainst their Assaults let us our Forces join,
 Dissolve the Weather by the strength of VVine.

A COMPLAINT.

WHEN first I here to *Cynthia* spake my Mind,
Near these sweet Streams, which to our thoughts
Ah, then in perfect Harmony we met, (were kind:
And to our Concert joyn'd the Rivulet.

The Flowers, Plants, Ech'd's, Craggy Rocks and Dales,
The pleasant Meads, proud Hills, and humble Vales,
Saw'd then o're-joy'd at my Felicity,
Which now condole with me in Misery.

Yet still the wing'd Inhab'tants of the Wood
Sung, as my Change they had not understood:
No sure the Melancholy Tunes they vent,
The rather Notes of Grief, than Merriment.

O Nymphs, that in these Crystal Streams do dwell!
And after Sport rest quiet in your Cell:
Fire, see, clear as yours, a Happy Life I led,
Now now o'erwhelm'd with Grief, and live as dead.

Thus we through various Turns of Fortune run,
And find no certain Rest till Life be done.

*Love's Garden.*Translated from *Girolamo Preti*.

I To Love's Garden came, with my Attire,
 Was wove with Herbs of Hope, and of Desire,
 Branches of Trouble too by me were worn,
 Whose Flowers and Fruit, were Prejudice, and Scorn.

'Twas wall'd with Pain, and Anguish round about,
 And from a thousand places issu'd out,
 Water of Grief, and Air of Sighs, beside,
 Deceit and Cruelty did there reside.

Pride was the Keeper, and to cultivate
 Was Jealousie; who still with mortal Hate,
 Tare up my Happiness ere it could grow;
 Whilst, like a Madman, thus I strive to sow,

Under the Shadow of a Thought that's kind,
 I plow in Stone, dig Water, stop the Wind.

*Seeing his own Picture, discourses of his
Studies, and Fortune.*

THIS, which the Shadow of my Face does give,
Whose Counterfeit seems true, and Art alive,
Shows but the part of Man's Infirmary,
Which to Age subject, must decay, and dye:

Let the Internal Nature's Excellence,
Which does this Earthly Shadow influence:
Perhaps some Image may on Paper draw,
Whose Essence, ne'er of Time shall stand in awe;

By my Muses Help I hope to build
Such Monuments, as ne'er to Time shall yield;
Better than from these Colours can be had,
And to my Years, shall greater Numbers add.

When some Noble VVork I enterprize,
That might advance my Honour to the Skies;
Envious Fortune strikes a thousand ways,
And destroys my Labours, and so blasts my Bays.

A Sonnet, of *Petrarc*,

On the Death of Laura.

I Fill with Sighs the Air when e're I stand,
On yon' high Hill, and thence survey the Plain
Where *Laura*, she who could my Heart command,
Did in her Earthly Paradise remain.

For now she's dead, and left me here alone,
Griev'd for her loss, that I could gladly dye;
Drowning my Eyes in making of my Moan,
My Tears have left no space about me dry.

There is no Stone upon that craggy Hill,
Nor these sweet Fields, an Herb or Plant do bring
Nor Flower 'mongit all that do the Valleys fill,
Nor any drop of Water from the Spring;

Nor Beasts so wild, that in the Woods do dwell,
But of my Grief for *Laura's* Death can tell.

Another

Another, of *Petrarc*,

On Laura's Death.

O H Death! How has thy utmost Malice sped?
Thou hast Love's Kingdom quite improv'rish'd;
Cropt Beauty's Flower, put out our chiefest Light,
And one small Stone deprives us of her sight.

Our Joy's extinct; we're left in Discontent,
Depriv'd of our Honour, and our Ornament:
But to her Fame thou ne'er canst put an end,
Thy Power but o'er her Body did extend.

For her pure Soul above is glorify'd
As brightest Star, she's there the Heaven's Pride:
And here her Vertuous Deeds shall never dye,
But be admir'd by all Posterity.

Well, now Glorious Angel, thou that dwell'st above,
And with more powerful Charms attractest Love;
May'st thou be vanquish'd by my Piety,
Where thy Beauty triumph'd over me.

Complains of the Court.

IN a Great Court, near a Fam'd River's side,
With Hopes of Greatness fed, I still reside;
But where to fix I ne'er shall understand,
Foll'wing what flies, and shunning what's at hand.

Others from me the Gifts of Heav'n retain,
The lucky Fool does still the Purchase gain;
At Air I grasp, and after Shadows strive,
Live for my Foes, if this be said to live.

I slight my self, love him that injures me,
And in soft Words find greatest Treachery;
I, Mortal Hatred under Smiles, behold,
And starve for want, amidst great heaps of Gold.

Now Envy's Strokes, then Fortune's I sustain,
And want a Friend to whom I might complain;
I see th'ensuing Storm, and no Help nigh,
Grieve for one Loss, and straight another spy.

Being retired, complains against the Court.

REmote from Court, where after Toil we get
More Hopes than Fruit, I now have chang'd my
And here retir'd with calmer Thoughts abide : (Scat,
As *Lea* more smooth, than troubled *Thames* does glide.

I need not Great Men here with Flatt'ry please,
No Pride nor Envy shall disturb my Ease ;
If Love ensnares my Heart, I from its Net,
Or servile Chain at least, my Freedom get.

Since my new Flame brake out, my old is dead,
With Falshood kindled, and with Scorn 'twas fed ;
And here the greatest Rigour pleases more
Than all dissembled Favours could before.

There Love's all Counterfeit, and Friendship too,
And nothing else but Hate and Malice true :
If here my Nymph be cross, or prove unkind,
Vanquish'd, I triumph ; fighting, Peace I find.

To Cynthia.

HARK how the little Birds do vie their Skill,
Saluting, with their Tunes, the welcome Day;
Spring does the Air with fragrant Odours fill,
And the pleas'd Fields put on their best Array.

With great Serenity the Heavens move;
The Amorous Planet rules in fullest power;
All things their Cruelty away remove,
And seem to know of Joy the Time, and Hour.

Only my *Cynthia* still this Glorious Morn
Retains the frozen Temper of her Heart,
Of Birds, and Flowers, does imitation scorn,
Nor from her wonted Rigour will depart.

Ah change, my Fair, that harsh and cruel Mind!
Why should your Looks and Humour disagree?
Let not my Love such Opposition find,
You're wo'd by Heav'n, and Earth to favour me.

The

LYRIC POEMS.

The Withered Rose.

GO, Fading Rose, a Present to my Fair,
To whose ungrateful Breast I gave my Heart,
And tho' my Grief could ne'er affect her Care,
To her do thou my dying Mind impart.

I late have seen thee Lovely, Sweet, and Gay,
Perchance the influence of her Looks on thee,
Now pale as Death, thy Beauty's gone away;
Thou art the Emblem of my Misery.

Say, if to cast an Eye on thee she deign,
Since no Relief from her my Life receives;
My Body soon as Bloodless will remain,
As thy once fresh, but now decaying Leaves.

And thou perchance the Benefit may'st find,
For thy pale Looks and Message understood,
To cure thy dying Spoils she may be kind,
With Water of my Tears, or with my Blood.

A Sonnet.

A Sonnet.

On the Death of Sylvia.

OH Death! without regard to wrong or right,
All things at will thy boundless Rage devours;
This tender Plant thou hast cut down in spight,
And scatter'd on the Ground its Fruit, and Flowers.

Our Love's extinct that with such Ardour burn'd,
And all my Hope of future Pleasure dyes;
Nature's chief Master-piece to Earth's return'd,
Deaf to my Passion, and my grievous Cries.

Sylvia, the Tears which on thy Sepulchre,
Hereafter shall be shed, or those now are,
Tho' fruitless, yet I offer them to thee,

Until the coming of th' Eternal Night
Shall close these Eyes, once happy with thy Sight,
And give me Eyes with which I thee may see.

To the WINDS.

A SONG.

I.

YE Winds, that in your hasty Flight,
Just kiss the Leaves, and then away,
The Leaves that tremble with Delight,
And murmur at so short a stay;
Stop here, and e're you further goe,
Give audience to a Lover's Woe.

II.

Condoling Air, to you I speak,
Since she is deaf to all my Grief,
You see my Heart will quickly break,
If careless She gives no Relief:
I'm sure you're troubled at my Pain,
For when I sigh, you sigh again.

III.

Go, gentle Air, fly to my Dear,
That thus with Love inflames my Breast,
And whisper softly in her Ear,
'Tis she that robs my Soul of Rest:
Express, if possible, such Moans,
May imitate my dying Groans.

IV.

Or with thy rougher Breath make bold
To toss the Treasure of her Hair,
Till thou dost all those Curls unfold
Which cunningly Mens Hearts ensnare;
Try all thy Skill to break the Net,
That I, like thee, may Freedom get.

V.

Then let some thicker Blasts arise,
And with her Face so sport, and play,
Till the bright Rays of her fair Eyes
Be qualify'd, or ta'en away;
Make all those Charms which Men assail,
Of lesser force, and less prevail.

The Silent Talkers.

PEACE, Peace, my Dear, *Corinna* said
To her enamour'd *Corydon*,
Lest we by Listners be betray'd,
And this our Happiness undone.

Our wishes answer ev'ry way,
And all my Thoughts center in thine;
If thou hast any thing to say,
Speak with thy Eyes, I'll speak with mine.

Tu

'Tis dangerous jesting with LOVE.

A SONG.

I.

Venture not with Love to jest,
Though he's blind, and but a Boy;
Whosoe'er would live at rest,
Must not dare with him to toy;
If you play, he'll seem to smile,
But conspire your Death the while.

II.

My self was such a Sot,
Once to act a Lover's Part,
I lov'd to love, but lov'd her not,
Sigh'd, but sigh'd not from my Heart;
Long I did not this maintain,
E're my Play was turn'd to Pain.

III.

I gaz'd upon my Fair,
And of Love shew'd ev'ry Sign,
I play'd too the Flatterer,
With her Glances answering mine;
Till his Arrows Cupid took,
Pierc'd me with each flatt'ring Look.

Love

IV.

Love the Jester will assail,
 And when scorn'd, the Maſtry get;
 Art I ſee can ne'e avail
 Him that plays the Counterſeit;
 For I find, now time is paſt,
 Jeſt to Earneſt turn'd at laſt.

V.

Cupid drew with more deſire,
 Seeing me his Net deſpiſe;
 Was more active with his Fire,
 While he found my heart was Ice:
 Now my Sighs no pity find,
 But are ſcatter'd in the Wind.

On WINE.

From a Fragment of *Hefiod*,
 Beginning "Οἶα Διῶνυτος δῶκε' ἀνδραῖς χαρμῆς----

WINE cheers our Hearts, and makes us glad,
 When Grief, and Cares have left us ſad:
 But more than Nature does ſuffice,
 Will caſt a Cloud before our Eyes;

'Twill bind the Tongue, the Feet, and Hands;
 E're we perceive, with ſtrongeſt Bands;
 And us its Drunken Slaves will keep,
 Till we our Freedom get by Sleep.

A DREAM.

ONE Night, with Sleep my Senses being oppress'd,
Fixt on that Thought, which still o'er-rul'd my
Mourning Dress, with Silence did appear, (Brest;
He of her Sex was to my Soul most Dear:

Cynthia, methought, I said, and gaz'd awhile,
Where's thy accustom'd Look, and cheerful Smile?
What sad Occasion thus disturbs thee now,
And hangs that gloomy Sadness on thy Brow?

He only sigh'd, and off'ring to depart,
Snatch'd her Hand, and laid it to my Heart,
And whilst I in this trembling Rapture stand,
He took, and held me by my other Hand.

He thought my Heart 'twixt Joy, and Grief would break,
Adding with Tears, My Dear, I prithee speak;
And grasp'd her fast, she struggling to be gone,
Still wak'd: but then I found my self alone.

Oft have I griev'd to think what this might prove,
And gather'd hence ill Omens to my Love ;
But since I may too soon the Mischief find,
I'll strive to chase the Fancy from my Mind.

The Restless Lover.

THE Birds to wanton in the Air desire ;
The Salamander sports himself in Fire ;
The Fish in Water plays ; And of the Earth,
Man ever takes possession at his Birth :
Only unhappy I, who born to grieve,
In all these Elements at once do live :
Grief does with Air of Sighs my Mouth supply,
My wretched Body on cold Earth does lye,
The Streams which from mine Eyes flow Night and Day
Cannot the Fire which burnis my Heart allay.

The RESOLUTION.

A Sonnet of *Petrarc*, out of *Italian*.

O H Time ! Oh rowling Heavens, that fly so fast,
And cheat us Mortals ignorant and blind !
Oh fugitive Day, swifter than Bird or Wind !
Your Frauds I see, by all my Suff'rings past.

But pardon me, 'tis I my self must blame,
Nature that spreads your Wings, and makes you fly,
To me gave Eyes, that I my Ills might spy :
Yet I retain'd them to my Grief, and Shame,

Time was I might, and Time is Till I may
Direct my Steps in a securer way,
And end this sad Infinity of Ill ;

Day Yet 'tis not from thy Yoke, O Love, I part,
But the Effects ; I will reclaim my Heart :
Vertue's no Chante, but is acquir'd by Skill.

Invokes DEATH.

COME, Terroure of the Wife, and Valiant, Come,
And with a Sigh let my griev'd Soul have room;
Amongst the Shades ; then shall my Cares be gone ;
All there drink Waters of Oblivion.

So went the Heroes of the World, and so
Or soon, or late, all that are born must go ;
Thou Death to me art welcome as a Friend,
For thou with Life putt'st to my Grievs an End.

Of this Poor Earth, and Blast of Breath ally'd,
How easily by thee, the Knot's unty'd :
This Spring of Tears which trickles from mine Eyes
Is Natural, and when I dye, it dryes.

Matter for Sighs, I drew with my first Breath,
And now a Sigh ushers my Soul to Death ;
So Cares, and Grievs determine by Consent,
This Favour owe I to my Monument.

*A Hint from the Beginning of the Third
Satyr of Juvenal,*

*Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum Civem donare Sibylla, &c.*

A Neighbour, now, shall Aged Sibyl have,
For I'll withdraw to *Cuma's* Sacred Cave,
Where I, *Vesuvius* like, when Years attire
My Head with Snow, shall still maintain my Fire.

In Hatred of the World my Days I'll spend,
Till with Despight my wretched Life shall end;
My haughty Plumes I've clipp'd, I'll soar no more,
So the Fates cut what they had spun before.

I was when Bad, of Vertuous Men despis'd,
And by the Scourge Vice brings with it, chastis'd:
That Course I left, and turning good agen,
Was hated, and oppress'd by Wicked Men.

Thus seems the Partial World on all sides bent,
It's utmost Spight on wretched me to vent.
My Sins were fruitless: Must, when Life is done,
Vertue lye buried in Oblivion?

*A Contemplation on Man's Life.**Out of Spanish.*

VILE Composition, Earth inspir'd with Breath;
Man, that at first wert made of Dust and
And then by Law Divine condemn'd to Death, (Tears
When wilt thou check thy Lusts in their Careers?

Change all thy Mirth to Sorrow, and repent,
That thou so often didst just Heav'n offend,
Deplore thy precious Hours so vainly spent,
If thou wilt 'scape such Pains as have no end.

The gaping Grave expects thee as its right,
'Tis a straight place, but can contain with ease,
Honour, Command, Wealth, Beauty, and Delight,
And all that does our Carnal Senses please.

Only th'immortal Soul can never dye,
Therefore on that thy utmost Care employ.

The Nightingale that was drowned.

UPON a Bough, hung trembling o're a Spring,
Sate *Philamel*, to respite Grief, and sing.
Tuning such various Notes, there seem'd to nest,
A Choir of little Songsters in her Breast.
Whilst Echo at the close of ev'ry Strain,
Return'd her Musick, Note for Note again.

The Jealous Bird, who ne'er had Rival known,
Not thinking these sweet Points were all her-own;
So fill'd with Emulation was, that she
Express'd her utmost Art and Harmony;
Till as she eagerly for Conquest try'd,
Her Shadow in the Stream below she spy'd:

When heard the Waters bubbling, but mistook,
And thought the Nymphs were laughing in the Brook;
She then inrag'd, into the Spring did fall,
And in sad Accents thus upbraids them all:
Not *Tereus* self offer'd so great a Wrong,
Nymphs, take my Life, since you despise my Song.

On a Child sleeping in Cynthia's Lap.

SLEEP, Happy Boy, there sleep, and take thy Rest;
Free from the Passions which disturb my Brest;
Yet know 'tis Innocence that thee has freed,
And lets thee sleep so quiet on this Bed.

Thy wearied Limbs have sweetly rested here,
If with less Sun, in a more happy Sphere;
Whilst in Despair my Soul afflicted lyes,
And of meer Envy to behold thee, dyes.

Dream, thou enjoy'st more true Felicity,
Than lavish Fortune can bestow on thee;
That thou, amidst such Pretious Gems, art hurl'd,
Are able to enrich th'insatiate World:

That thou, the *Phoenix* shalt transcend in Fame,
Who sleep'st, and risest, in a Purer Flame;
That thou'rt an Angel, Heav'n's that Lap I view:
Yet all this while, it is no Dream, but true.

Cure for AFFLICTIONS.

A Hint from an imperfect Ode of
ARCHILOCHUS;

Beginning,

Θυμὲ, σύμ' ἀμνηστῶσι καὶ δαίτυ κακὰ μύθε.

SOUL, rule thy Passions, dry thy weeping Eyes,
Thou Breath of Heav'n, should'st Earthly Cares
When fiercest troubles thus disturb thy Rest, (despise:
To their Assaults oppose a constant Breast.

O'er Fortune's Pow'r then shalt thou have command:
So Rocks unmov'd 'gainst Beating Surges stand.
Nor boast, if in this Conflict thou o'ercome,
Or when subdu'd, poorly lament at home.

Think, having cause to grieve, or to rejoyce,
No Course of Humane Things is in thy Choyce.

Cyn-

Cynthia sporting.

A LONG the River's side did *Cynthia* stray,
More like a Goddess, than a Nymph, at play;
The Flood stopt to behold her; pleas'd to see't,
She to its Kisses yields her naked Feet.

Brisk Air saluted her, ne'er stay'd to woo;
The very Boughs reach'd to be toying too;
The little Birds came thronging to admire,
And for her Entertainment made a Choir:

The Meadows smile, and Joy surrounds the place,
As if all things were influenc'd by her Face;
The Grass, and Leaves take Freshness from her Eyes,
And as of lesser Force, *Sol's* Beams despise:

No Herb press'd by her Foot but blossomes strait,
Flowers, for her Touch to ripen them, do wait;
They, from her Hand, new Fragrancy do yield,
Her Presence fills with Perfumes, all the Field.

The FLY.

Out of *Spanish* from *Don Francisco de Quevedo*.

*Out of the Wine-Pot cry'd the Fly,
Whilst the Grave Frog sat croaking by,
Than live a Watry Life like thine,
I'd rather choose to dye in Wine.*

I.

Never Water could endure,
Though ne're so Crystalline and Pure,
Water's a Murmur, and they
Design more Mischief than they say;
Where Rivers smoothest are and clear,
Oh there's the Danger, there's the Fear;
But I'll not grieve to dye in Wine,
That Name is sweet, that Sound's Divine.

Thus from the Wine-Pot, &c.

II.

Dull Fish in Water live we know,
And such insipid Souls as thou;
While to the Wine do nimbly fly,
Many such pretty Birds as I:
With Wine refresh'd, as Flowers with Rain,
My Blood is clear'd, inspir'd my Brain;
That when the Tory Boys do sing,
I buz i'th' Chorus for the King.

Thus from the Wine-Pot, &c.

I'm

III.

I'm more below'd than thou canst be,
Most Creatures shun thy Company ;
I go unbid to ev'ry Feast,
Nor stay for Grace, but fall o'th' Best :
There while I quaff in Choicest Wine,
Thou dost with Puddle-water dine,
Which makes thee such a Croaking thing.
Learn to drink Wine, thou Fool, and sing;

Thus from the Wine-Pot, &c.

IV.

In Gardens I delight to stray,
And round the Plants do sing and play :
Thy Tune no Mortal does avail,
Thou art the *Dutch-man's* Nightingale :
Wouldst thou with Wine but wet thy Throat,
Sure thou would'st leave that Dismal Note ;
Lewd Water spoils thy Organs quite,
And Wine alone can set them right.

Thus from the Wine-Pot, &c.

V.

Thy Comerades still are Newts and Frogs,
Thy Dwelling Saw-pits, Holes, and Bogs :
In Cities I, and Courts am free,
An Insect too of Quality.
What Pleasures, Ah ! didst thou but know,
This Heav'nly Liquor can bestow :
To drink, and drown thou'dst ne'er repine ;
The Great *Anacreon* dy'd by Wine.

Thus from the Wine-Pot, &c.

On GOLD.

THIS Glitt'ring Metal, Dazler of the Eyes,
In so small Bulk, where so much Mischief lyes,
Disclaims the Earth, when it has pass'd the Fire,
And then no longer owns the Rock for Sire.

When coyn'd, it boasts of Pow'r Omnipotent ;
Which Monstrous Birth the long scorn'd Mountains sent:
'Tis Bane of Peace, 'tis Nourisher of War ;
And o'er the World does spread its Venom far.

With Confidence this bold Usurper can
Hold Competition with its Former, Man :
Man whose sublimer Soul should upward soar,
Yet for a God can his own Works adore.

Laws are remis when Thou the Pow'r dost git,
All Vices thou unpunish'd dost permit ;
Torrent of Mischiefs, Source of Ills the worst !
The more we drink of thee, the more we thirst.

To

*To his Grace , George Duke of
Northumberland.*

TH'Unruly Steed by Laws to tame and ride ;
With graceful Course the well-pois'd Lance to
In Martial Sports ever to win the Prize ; (guide
And Troops with Skill and Judgment exercise :

In a calm Breast a Warlike Heart to show ;
To Glory Friend, to Wantonneſs a Foe :
To keep on Paſſion, Reaſon's powerful Hand ;
Over his Soul, and ſelf to have command :

To ſport with Books, whil'ſt Arms aſide he lays :
To interweave the Olive with the Bays :
When tir'd with Arts, to tune *Apollo's* Lyre :
To merit Honours e're he them deſire.

THEſE Fruits which others bring with Art and Time
Your Blooming Age does yield before your Prime.

Love's New Philosophy.

I.

WHO'E'RE a Lover is of Art,
 May come and learn of me
 A New Philosophy;
 Such as no Schools could e'er impart.
 Love all my other Notions does controul,
 And reads these stranger Lectures to my Soul.

II.

This God who takes delight to lye,
 Does Sacred Truths defame,
 And *Aristotle* blame,
 Concluding all by Subtilty:
 His Syllogisms with such Art are made,
 Nor *Solomon* himself could them evade.

III.

So wondrous is his Art and Skill,
 His Reasons pierce like Darts,
 Mens Intellects and Hearts;
 Old Maximes he destroys at will,
 And blinded *Plato* so, he made him think,
 'Twas Water, when he gave him Fire to drink.

That

IV.

That Water can extinguish Fire,
All Ages did allow ;
But Love denies it now,
And says it makes his Flame rage higher;
Which Truth my self have prov'd for many Years:
Wherein I've wept whole Deluges of Tears.

V.

At the Sun's Rays, you *Cynthia* know,
The Ice no more can melt,
Nor can the Fire be felt,
Or have its wonted Influence on Snow:
By your relentless Heart is this exprest,
Your Eyes are Suns, the Fire is in my Brest.

VI.

When Soul and Body separate,
That then the Life must dye;
This too I must deny;
My Soul's with her, who rules my Fate.
Yet still my Organs move a Proof to give,
That Soul and Body can divided live.

VII.

Remove the Cause, th'Effects will cease.
 This is an Errour too,
 And found by me untrue;
 My Fair when near disturbs my Peace,
 But when she's furthest off, no Tongue can tell
 The raging Pangs of Love my Heart does feel.

VIII.

All Creatures Love not their own Kind,
 I this new Axiom try:
 And that all fear to dye
 By Nature; a Mistake I find:
 For I, a Man, do a Fierce Creature love,
 And such, I know, that will my Murd'ers prove.

IX.

Here two Extreame are eas'ly join'd,
 Joy and Grief in my Brest,
 Which give my Soul no Rest;
 Both to torment me are combin'd:
 For when I view the Source of all my Wrong,
 sigh my Musick, mix with Tears my Song.

That,

X.

That, all things like Effects produce :
I readily can prove
A Paradox in Love,
And my Conclusion hence deduce ;
Cold *Cynthia* to my Zeal yields no Return,
Though Ice her Heart, she makes my Heart to burn.

XI.

Whilst in this Torment I remain,
It is no Mystery
To be, and not to be ;
I dye to Joy, and live to Pain.
So that, my Fair, I may be justly sed,
To be, and not to be, Alive and Dead.

XII.

Now, go, my Song, yet shun the Eyes
Of those ne'er felt Love's Flame,
And if my *Cynthia* blame
Thy Arguments as Sophistries,
Tell her, this is *Love's* New Philosophy,
Which none can understand, but such as try.

The Vanity of Unwarrantable Notions

Done out of *Portuguese*, from *Lewis de Camoëns*.

TRUTH, Reason, Love, and Merit may endure
Some Shocks, to make us think our selves secure :
But Fortune, Time, and Destiny, do still
Dispose all Humane Matters at their Will.

What various strange Effects perplex the Mind,
For which we can no certain Causes find ?
We know we live, but what succeeds our End,
Man's Understanding cannot comprehend.

Yet Doctors will their Notions justify,
And vouch for Truths what no Man e'er could try ;
Doubt Real Things, as if no such had been,
And Things believe which never yet were seen.

These Men are proud to have their Madness known ;
Believe in *Christ*, and let the rest alone.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

*Why, Little Charmer of the Air,
Dost thou in Musick spend the Morn?
Whilst I thus languish in Despair,
Opprest by Cynthia's Hate and Scorn:
Why dost thou sing, and hear me cry;
Tell, wanton Songster, tell me why?*

I.

WILT thou not cease at my Desire?
Will those small Organs never tire?
Nature did these close Shades prepare,
Not for thy Musick, but my Care:
Then why wilt thou persist to sing,
Thou Beautiful Malitious Thing?
When Kind *Aurora* first appears,
She weeps, in pity to my Tears;
If thus thou think'st to give Relief,
Thou never knew'st a Lover's Grief.

*Then, Little Charmer, &c.
That dost in Musick, &c.*

II.

Thou Feather'd Atome, where in thee,
Can be compris'd such Harmony?
In whose small Fabrick must remain,
What Composition does contain.

All Griefs but mine are at a ſtand,
When thy ſurprizing Tunes command?
How can ſo ſmall a Tongue and Throat
Exprefs ſo loud, and ſweet a Note?
Thou haſt more various Points at VVill,
Than *Orpheus* had with all his Skill,

*Then, Little Charmer, &c.
That doſt in Muſick, &c.*

III.

Great to the Ear, tho Small to Sight,
The Happy Lovers dear Delight,
Fly to the Bow'r where ſuch are lade,
And there beſtow thy Serenade.
Haſte from my Sorrow, haſte away;
Alas, there's Danger in thy Stay,
Leſt hearing me ſo oft complain,
Should make thee change thy cheerful Strain,
Thy Songs cannot my Grief remove,
Thou harmleſs *Syren* of the Grove.

*Then ceaſe, thou Charmer of the Air,
No more in Muſick ſpend the Morn,
With me that languish in Deſpair,
Oppreſt by Cynthia's Hate and Scorn;
And do not this Poor Boon deny,
I aſk but Silence whiſt I dye.*

APOLLO and DAPHNE.

P Anting for Breath, towards her Parent Brook,
Like the tyr'd Deer before an eager Chase,
Fair *Daphne* ran, nor durst behind her look:
With winged Feet, and with a blub' red Face,

The Beardless God, who taken with her Charms,
Had long pursu'd, by his hot Passion led,
Straight saw her stop, and upward stretch her Arms
On *Peneus* Banks, where she for Aid had fled.

He saw her Nimble Feet take Root and grow,
And a rough Bark her Tender Limbs enclose;
Her Hairs, which once like Curls of Gold did show,
Chang'd Green, and in a Shade of Boughs arose.

To the resistless Tree, He Courtship makes,
And with vain Kisses his Fond Love deceives;
Then of her Bays by force a Chaplet takes:
So stead of Fruit, He only gathers Leaves.

A Sestina,

In Imitation of Sig. Fra. Petrarca.

I.

SO many Creatures live not in the Sea,
Nor e'er above the Circle of the Moon,
Did Man behold so many Stars at Night,
Nor little Birds do shelter in the Woods,
Nor Herbs, nor Flow'rs e'er beautify'd the Fields;
As anxious Thoughts my Heart feels ev'ry Day.

II.

I, wishing Death, pray each may be the Day,
And seek in vain for Quiet in the Fields,
My Griefs succeed like Waves upon the Sea;
Such Torments sure, no Man beneath the Moon
E'er felt as I; 'Tis known amongst the Woods,
Where to complain I oft retire at Night.

III.

I never could enjoy a quiet Night,
And do in Pain and Sorrow spend the Day,
Since Angry Cynthia drove me to the Woods;
Yet e'er I quit my Love I'll weep a Sea:
The Sun his Light shall borrow of the Moon,
And May with Flowers refuse to deck the Fields.

IV.

Restless I wander up and down the Fields,
And scarce can close my Eyes to sleep at Night :
So that my Life's unstable as the Moon,
The Air I fill with Sighs both Night and Day ;
My Show'rs of Tears seem to augment the Sea,
Make the Herbs green, and to refresh the VVoods.

V.

I hating Cities, ramble in the VVoods,
And thence I shift to solitary Fields,
I rove and imitate the troubled Sea,
And hope most Quiet in the silent Night.
So that I wish at the Approach of Day,
The Sun would set, and give his place to th' Moon.

VI.

Oh, that like him who long had lov'd the Moon,
I could in Dreams be happy in the VVoods ;
I'd wish an End to this most Glorious Day ,
Then should I meet my *Cynthia* in the Fields.
Court her, and entertain her all the Night ;
The Day should stop, and *Sol* dwell in the Sea.

But Day nor Night, Sea, Moon, nor Wood, nor Field
Now *Cynthia* frowns, can Ease or Pleasure yield.

A Sonnet of *Sig. Francesco Petrarca,*

*Giving an Account of the Time,
when he fell in Love with
Madonna Laura.*

WILL spurs me on, Love wounds me with his Dart.
Pleasure does draw me, Custom pulls me too,
Hope flatters, that I should my Ends pursue,
And lends her Right Hand to my Fainting Heart.

My wretched Heart accepts, nor yet espies
The Weakness of my blind disloyal Guide,
My Passions rule, long since my Reason dyde,
And from one fond Desire, still others rise.

Vertue and Wealth, Beauty and Graceful Meen,
Sweet Words, and Person fair as e'er was seen,
Were the Allurements drew me to her Net :

'Twas Thirteen hundred twenty sev'n, the Year,
April the sixth, this Nymph did first appear,
And ty'd me so, I ne'er shall Freedom get.

A Sonnet, of *Petrarc*,

*Shewing how long he had lov'd
Madonna Laura.*

Pleasure in Thought, in Weeping Ease I find ;
I catch at Shadows, grasp Air with my Hand ;
On Seas I float are bounded with no Land ;
Plow Water, sow on Rocks, and reap the Wind.

The Sun I gaz'd so long at, I became
Struck with its Dazling Rays, and lost my Eyes ;
I chase a Nimble Doe that always flies,
And hunt with a Dull Creature, Weak and Lame.

Heartless I live to all things but my Ill,
Which I'm sollicitous to follow still ;
And only call on *Laura*, Lov~~e~~, and Death.

Thus Twenty Years I've spent in Misery,
Whilst only Sighs, and Tears, and Sobs I buy,
Under such hard Stars first I drew my Breath.

A Sonnet, of *Petrarc*,

*Going to visit M. Laura, remembers
she is lately dead.*

O H Eyes! Our Sun's extinct, and at an End,
Or rather glorify'd in Heav'n does shine;
There shall we see her, there does she attend,
And at our long Delay perchance repine.

Alas, my Ears, the Voice you lov'd to hear,
Is now rais'd up to the Cœlestial Choire;
And you, my Feet, she's gone that us'd to steer
Your Course, where you till Death can ne'er aspire.

Cannot my Soul nor Body yet be free?

'Twas not my Fault, you this Occasion lost;
That Seeing, Hearing, Finding her y'are cross'd:
Blame Death, or rather blest be ever He,

Who binds and looses, makes and can destroy,
And when Life's done crowns with Eternal Joy.

A Sonnet.

A Sonnet.

Petrarc laments for the Death of M. Laura.

THIS Nightingale that does so much complain,
Robb'd of her tender Young, or dearest Mate
And to the Fields and Heav'ns her Tale relate,
In such sad Notes, but yet Harmonious Strain :

Perhaps this Station kindly does retain,
To join her Griefs with my unhappy State ;
'Twas my Assurance did my Woe create :
I thought Death could not have a Goddess slain.

How soon deceiv'd are those, who least mistrust !
I ne'er could think that Face should turn to Dust,
Which, than all Humane Beauties seem'd more pure
But now I find that my malicious Fate,
Will, to my Sorrow, have me learn too late :
Nothing that pleases here, can long endure.

A Sonnet

A Sonnet.

Petrarc on Laura's Death.

HOLD, Treacherous Thoughts, that dare my Rule
Is't not enough 'gainst me in War are join'd
Love, Fortune, and Grim Death, but I must find
Within me such Domestick Enemies?

And thou my Heart, that dost my Peace oppose,
Disloyal thou wilt give my Soul no Rest,
But harb'ring still these Thoughts within my Brest,
Keep'st Correspondence with my Deadly Foes;

To thee Love all his Messages conveys,
Fortune my now departed Pomp displays,
Death in my Mind does all my Grievs express;

That my Remains fall by Necessity,
My Thoughts with Errors arm themselves in thee:
Thou art the Cause of my Unhappiness.

CON-

CONSTANCY.

Place me where *Sol* dries up the Flow'ry Fields,
Or where he to the Frosty Winter yields :
Place me where he does mod'rate Heat dispense,
And where his Beams have a kind Influence :

Place me in humble State, or place me high,
In a dark Clime, or a serener Sky ;
Place me where Days or Nights are short or long,
In Age mature, or be it Old or Young :

Place me in Heav'n, on Earth, or in the Main,
On a high Hill, low Vale, or level Plain :
Let me have vigorous Parts, or Dulness have ;
Place me in Liberty, or as a Slave :

Give me a Black, or an Illustrious Fame :
As I have liv'd, I'll ever live the same ;
Where I at first did fix my Constant Love,
Nothing from *Cynthia* can it e'er remove.

To his VIOL.

Tun'd my Viol, and have often strove,
 In *MARS*'s Praise to raise his humble Verse,
 And in Heroick Strain his Deeds reherse,
 But all my Accents still resound of Love.

In Foreign Countries, or on *English* Ground,
 Love for my Theme does dictate *Cynthia*'s Charms,
 Nor will he let me sing of other Arms,
 Than those with which he Lovers Hearts does wound.

This Viol then unfit for rougher Notes,
 My Muse shall tune to its accustom'd Way ;
 So shall it my Harmonious Points obey ,
 For it to *Cynthia* all its Tunes devotes.

Then to my Soft and Sweetest Stroakes I keep,
 Whilst angry *Mars* his Fury may lay by,
 He listning to my Song will quiet ly,
 And in his *Cytherea*'s Bosome sleep.

HOPE.

HOPE.

Out of *Italian* from *Fra. Abbati*.

I.

Grieve no more, Mortals, dry your Eyes,
 And learn this Truth of me,
 Fate rowls, and roundabout us flies,
 But for its Ills carries a Remedy.
 The Leaveless Boughs on all those Stocks,
 With Green shall beautifie their Locks;
 And straight
 Such Store of various Fruits shall yield,
 That their tough Backs shall truckle with the weight
 For in a little space
 Winter shall give to Spring its Place,
 And with Fresh Robes, Hopes Emblem, cloath the
 (Field)

CHORUS.

*He has no Faith who sighs and whines,
 And at his present Ill repines:
 For we should strive
 'Gainst all Afflictions to apply
 This Universal Remedy,
 To hope and live.*

II.

Hope does our Future Joys anticipate,
 It eases all our Pains;
 For in the present Ill that rains,
 Endurance only triumphs over Fate.

Young Colts fierce and untaught,
 In time submit,
 For they to yield are brought,
 Their Backs to Burdens, and their Mouths to th' Bit :
 With Patience also will the Country Swain
 His Conquest gain ;
 And make the stubborn Heifer bow
 Its Neck to th' Yoke, and labour at the Plow.

CHORUS.

*Then he wants Faith who sighs and whines,
 And at his present Ill repines :
 For Man should strive
 'Gainst all Afflictions to apply
 This Universal Remedy,
 To hope and live.*

III.

Thus sang a Smiling Courtier t' other Day,
 Under the Covert of a Spreading Tree,
 And to his Song upon his Lute did play,
 By whom an Ass you might attentive see.

The Ass in Scorn drew nearer him and bray'd,
 And arguing thus, methought, in Answer sayd:

If this Green Grass on which I fed but now,
 To be of Hope the Symbol you allow,
 And if the Asses proper Meat be Grass,
 Sure He that lives on Hope, feeds like an Ass.

Finding Cynthia in Pain, and crying.

A Sonnet.

WHY, Idol of my Heart, these mournful Cries
And so much Grief on those fair Cheeks appear
From whence proceed those envious Showres of
Dark'ning the Lustre of thy Beautilous Eyes? (Tears)

How dares bold Sorrow labour to remove,
So many Graces from their proper Place?
Ah, *Cynthia*! Pain endeavours, in thy Face,
To poyson all the sweetest Charms of Love.

Sense of thy Grief, my Soul with Anguish fills,
Which out of Pity into Tears distills,
And for thy Ease would fain endure thy Woe;

But this Affliction, sure thy Heart sustains,
That, Cruel Thou, being sensible of Pains,
May'st, to thy Constant Martyr, Pity show.

Cyn

Cynthia sleeping in a Garden.

A Sonnet.

NEAR a cool Fountain, on a Rose-bed lay
My *Cynthia*, sleeping in the open Air ;
Whom *Sol* espy'd, and seeing her so Fair,
Gaz'd, till his wanton Courfers lost their Way.

The proudest Flowers were not asham'd to find,
Their Scent, and Colour rivall'd in her Face ;
Her bright curl'd Hairs were toss'd from Place to
On Neck and Bosom by the Amorous Wind. (Place,

Her Smiles were animated by her Breath,
Which still as soon as born receiv'd their Death,
Being Mortal made in Pity to Mens Hearts :

Poor Lovers then did lye and take their Rest,
For the Blind Boy who does our Peace molest,
Had in her sleeping Eyes hid all his Darts.

Lesbia's Complaint against Thyrsis his
INCONSTANCY.

A Sonnet.

I Lov'd thee, Faithless Man, and love thee still,
Thou Fatal Object of my Fond Desires,
And that which nourishes these Amorous Fires,
Is Hope, by which I love against my Will.

Great was the Passion thou didst late express,
Yet scorn'st me now, whom long thou didst adore,
Sporting with others, her thou mind'st no more,
Whom thou hast call'd thy Heav'n and Happiness.

Think not by this, thy *Lesbia* thee invites,
To spend thy Years in Dalliance, and Delights,
'Tis but to keep her Faith in Memory;

But if to grieve my Soul thou only strive,
To thy Reproach, and to my Boast I'll live,
A Monument of thy INCONSTANCY.

On Lydia distracted.

A Sonnet.

With Hairs, which for the Wind to play with, hung,
With her torn Garments, and with naked Feet,
Fair *Lydia* dancing went from Street to Street,
Singing with pleasant Voice her foolish Song.

On her she drew all Eyes in ev'ry Place,
And them to Pity by her Pranks did move,
Which turn'd with gazing longer into Love,
By the rare Beauty of her charming Face.

In all her Frenzyes, and her Mimickries,
While she did Natures richest Gifts despise,
There active Love did subt'ly play his part.

Her antick Postures made her look more gay,
Her Ragged Cloaths her Treasures did display,
And with each Motion she insnar'd a Heart.

The Four Seasons.

SPRING.

WHEN Winter's past, then ev'ry Field and Hill,
 The *SPRING* with Flowers does fill,
 Soft Winds do cleanse the Air,
 Repel the Fogs, and make the VVeather fair;
 Cold Frosts are gone away,
 The Rivers are at Liberty,
 And their just Tribute pay,
 Of liquid Pearls, and Crystal to the Sea;
 To whom each Brook, and Fountain runs,
 The stable Mother of those stragling Sons.

CHORUS.

But then,
 In a short space,
 WINTER returns agen,
 E're Sol has run his annual Race;
 But, Ah! When Death's keen Arrow flies,
 And hits Poor M A N,
 Do what he can,
 He dyes;
 Returns to Dust, a Shadow, and a Nothing lyes.

SUMMER.

WHEN Flow'ry *May* is past, The *Spring* is o're,
 Then our cool Breezes end;
 For *Æolus* does send,
 His soultry Blasts from off the Southern Shore;
 The Sun bows down his Head,
 And darts on us his fiery Rays,
 Plants droop, and seem as dead,
 Most Creatures seek for Shade their diff'rent ways;
 All things as if for Moisture cry,
 Even Rivers with the common Thirst grow dry.

CHORUS.

But then,
 In a short space,
 The *SPRING* returns agen,
 E're Sol has run his Annual Race:
 But, Ah! When 'Deaths keen Arrow flies,
 And hits Poor *MAN*,
 Do what he can,
 He dyes;
 Returns to Dust, a Shadow, and a Nothing lies.

AUTUMN.

When Summer's done, green Trees begin to yield;
 Their Leaves with Age decay,
 They're stript of their Array;
 Scarce can the Rains revive the Ruffet Field :
 The Flowers run up to Seed ,
 Orchards with Choice of Fruit abound,
 Which Sight and Taste do feed :
 The grateful Boughs even kiss their Parent Ground :
 The Elm's kind Wife, the tender Vine,
 Is pregnant with her Heavenly Burden, Wine.

CHORUS. /

But then,
 In a short Space,
 SUMMER returns agen,
 E've Sol has run his Annual Race :
 But, Ah! When Death's keen Arrow flies,
 And hits Poor M A N,
 Do what he can,
 He dyes;
 Returns to Dust, a Shadow, and a Nothing lies.

WIN.

WINTER.

When Autumn's past, sharp Eastern Winds do blow,
Thick Clouds obscure the Day,
Frost makes the Currents stay,
The Aged Mountains Hoary are with Snow.
Altho' the Winter rage;
The wronged Trees Revenge conspire,
Its Fury they all wage;
Alive they serve for Fence, when dead for Fire;
All Creatures from its Out-rage fly,
Those which want Shelter or Relief must dye.

CHORUS.

But then,
In a short Space,
AUTUMN returns agen,
E're Sol has run his Annual Race:
But, Ah! When Death's keen Arrow flies,
And hits poor M A N,
Do what he can,
He dyes;
Returns to Dust, a Shadow, and a Nothing lyes.

A Sonnet.

Translated out of *Italian*.

*Written by Sig. Fra. Gorgia, who was born as
they were carrying his Mother to her Grave.*

UNhappy I came from my Mother's Womb,
As She, Oh Blessed She! who gave me Breath,
Having receiv'd the Fatal Stroak of Death,
By weeping Friends was carryed to her Tomb.

The Sorrow I exprest, and grievous Cries,
Love's Tribute were, for her to Heav'n was gone,
My Coffin, and my Cradle, both were one,
And at her Sun-set, mine began to rise.

Wretch, how I quake to think on that sad Day!
Which both for Life and Death at once made way;
Being gave the Son, and Mother turn'd to Earth.

Alas, I dye! Not that Life lasts so fast,
But that to me each Minute seems the last,
For I, in Death's cold Arms, receiv'd my Birth.

The

The Scholar of his own Pupil.

The Third *Idyllium* of *Bion* Englished,

Beginning, 'Α μεγαλα μοι Κούπερς —

I Dreamt, by me I saw Fair *Venus* stand,
Holding Young *Cupid* in her Lovely Hand,
And said, Kind Shepherd, I a Scholar bring,
My Little Son, to learn of you to sing.

Then went away; and I to gain her Praise,
Would fain have taught him all my Rural Lays,
How *Pan* found out the Pipe, *Pallas* the Flute,
Phœbus the Harp, and *Mercury* the Lute.

These were my Subjects, which he still would slight,
And fill my Ears with Love-Songs, Day and Night;
Of Mortals, and of Gods, what Tricks they us'd,
And how his Mother *Venus* them abus'd.

So I forgot my Pupil to improve,
And learn'd of him, by Songs, the Art of Love.

An

An EPITAPH,
On a Foolish Boaster.

HERE to its pristine Dust again is hurl'd,
Of an Inconstant Soul, the little World;
He liv'd, as if to some great things design'd,
With substance small, boasting a Princely Mind.

Of Body crooked, and distorted Face,
But Manners that did much his form disgrace.
In Broils, his rage pusht him beyond his Art,
Was kick'd, would face again, but wanted heart.

In his whole course of Life, so swell'd with Pride,
That fail'd in all's Intrigues, for grief he dy'd.
Thus with ambitious Wings we strive to soar,
Flutter a while, fall, and are seen no more.

The

The Danger of the Sea.

From the Thirteenth Book of the *Macaronics* of *Merlinus Cocalinus*.

Beginning, *Insidum arridet saepe imprudentibus Aequor.*

THE treacherous Seas unwary Men betray,
Dissembling Calms, but Storms in ambush lay;
Such who in bounds of safety cannot keep,
Flock here to see the Wonders of the Deep:

They hope they may some of the Sea Gods spy,
With all their Train of Nymphs, and Tritons by:
But when their Eyes lose the retiring Shore,
Joyn Heaven with Seas, and see the Land no more:

Then wretched they, with Brains are swimming round,
Their undigested Meats, and Choler drown:
Nor yet their boiling Stomachs can restrain,
Till they the Waters all pollute, and stain.

When *Aeolus* inrag'd that Humane Race,
Should his old Friend *the Ocean*, thus disgrace,
To punish it, he from their hollow Caves,
With rushing noise, lets loose the Winds his Slaves.

Who

Who up tow'rd's Heav'n such mighty Billows throw,
You'd think you saw from thence Hell's Vaults below.
Fools ! To whom Wrecks have of no Caution been,
By other Storms you might have this foreseen ;

E'er your bold Sailers lanch'd into the Main,
Then y' had ne'er strove to reach the Shore in vain

An Expostulation with Love.

TH Y Laws are most severe, Oh Winged Boy !
For us to love, and not enjoy :
What Reason is't we should this Pain abide ?
If love we must, you might provide,
Either that our Affections we restrain,
From her we're sure to love in vain :

Or after our Desires so Guide our Feet,
That where we love, we may an equal Passion meet.

On the Art of Writing.

SURE 'twas some God, in kindness first to Men,
Taught us the Curious Art to use the Pen.

'Tis strange the speaking Quill should, without Noise,
Express the various Tones of Humane Voice;

Of loudest Accents we no Sound retain,
Voice to its Native Air resolves again;
Yet tho' as Wind Words seem to pass away;
By Pen we can their very Echoes stay.

When we from other Converse are confin'd,
This can reveal the Secrets of the Mind:
All Authors must to it their Praises own,
For 'twas the Pen that made their Labours known.

Good Acts with bad Tradition would confound,
But what we writ is kept intire and sound:
Of this Ingenious Art Fame loudly sings,
Which gives us lasting Words, and lasting Things.

The

The MORN.

WHEN Light begins the Eastern Heav'n to grace
And the Nights Torches to the Sun give place
Diana leaves her Shepherd to his Sleep,
Griev'd that her Horns cannot their Lustre keep.

The Boughs on which the wanton Birds do throng,
Dance to the Musick of their Chirping Song,
Whilst they rejoyce the Duskey Clouds are fled,
And Bright *Aurora* rises from her Bed.

Then Fools and Flatterers to Courts resort,
Lovers of Game, up and pursue their Sport,
With last Nights Sleep refresh'd, the Lab'ring Swain
Cheerfully settles to his Work again.

Pleas'd *Hobb* unfolds his Flocks, and whilst they feed,
Sits, and makes Musick on his Oaten Reed ;
Then I wake too, and viewing *Lesbia's* Charms,
Doglut my self with Pleasure in her Arms.

To his Ingenious Friend Mr. N. Tate.

THRO' various paths, for Pleasures have I sought,
Which short Content, and lasting Trouble brought;
These are the Clouds obscure my Reasons Light,
And charge with Grief, when I expect Delight.

Spight of all Letts, thou Honour's Hill dost climb,
Scorning to spend in Empty Joys thy Time;
Thou in the foremost List of Fame dost strive,
Whose present Virtues, Future Glory's give.

With Myrtle I, with Bays, thou crown'st thy Head,
Thine still is verdant, but my Wreath is dead:
The Trees I plant, and nurse with so much Care,
Are barren; thine the Glory of the Year.

Only tune my Pipe to *Cynthia's* Fame,
With Verse confin'd, but constant as my Flame;
In thousand Streams thy plenteous Numbers fall,
Thy Muse attempts all Strains, excels in all.

H

Less

Less Security at Sea than on Shore.

An Idyllium of Moschus Englished.

Beginning Τὰν ἄλλα τὰν γλαυχόν—

WHEN Seas are calm, tost by no angry Wind,
 What roving Thoughts perplex my easy Mind?
 My Muse no more delights me, I would fain
 Enjoy the tempting Pleasures of the Main:

But when I see the blust'ring Storms arise,
 Heaving up Waves, like Mountains, to the Skies;
 The Seas I dread, and all my Fancy bend
 To the firm Land, my Old and Certain Friend.

In pleasant Groves I there can Shelter take;
 'Mongst the Tall Pines the Winds but Musick make:
 The Fisher's Boat's his House, on Seas he strives
 To cheat poor Fish, but still in danger lives.

Sweetly does gentle Sleep my Eyes invade,
 While free from Fear, under the Plane-trees Shade
 I lye, and there the Neighb'ring Fountains hear,
 Whose Purling Noise with Pleasure Charms the Ear.

A Sonnet.

PLATONIC LOVE.

CHAST *Cynthia* bids me love, but hope no more,
 Ne'er wish Enjoyment, which I still have strove
 T' obey, and ev'ry looser Thought reprove;
 Without desiring her, I her adore.

What Humane Passion does with Tears implore,
 The Intellect Enjoys, when 'tis in Love
 With the Eternal Soul, which here does move
 In Mortal Closet, where 'tis kept in Store.

Our Souls are in one mutual Knot combin'd,
 Not Common Passion, Dull and Unrefin'd;
 Our Flame ascends, That smothers here below:

The Body made of Earth, turns to the same,
 As Soul t' Eternity, from whence it came;
 My Love's Immortal then, and Mistress too.

Translated from *Jovianus Pontanus*.

Praises the Fountain Casis.

CASIS where Nymphs, and where the Gods resort,
Thou art a Friend to all their am'rous Sport ;
Often does *Pan* from his *Lycæus* run,
In thy cool Shades to 'scape the Mid-days Sun ;

With Musick he thy neighb'ring Hills does fill,
On his sweet *Syrinx*, when he shews his Skill ;
To which the *Naiades* Hand in Hand advance,
And in just Measures tread their Graceful Dance :

By thee the Goats delight, and browsing stray,
Whilst on the Rocks the Kids do skip and play ;
Hither *Diana*, chasing Deer, does hie,
For on thy Banks her Game will chuse to dye,

Here tir'd and hot, she sits and takes the Air ,
Here bathes her Limbs, and combs and dries her Hair
The Muses in their Songs thy Praise express ;
Dryas by thee begins to trick and dress ;

Oft to thy Streams *Calliope* retires,
And all the Beauties of thy Spring admires;
In whose close Walks, while she from Heat does keep,
Charm'd with thy murm'ring Noise, she falls asleep.

To Cynthia gone into the Countrey.

THO' the late Parting was our Joynt Desire,
It did with diff'rent Passions us inspire;
Thou wert o'erjoy'd, oppress'd with Sorrow I;
Thy Thoughts did faster than thy Foot-steps fly;

But tho' I strove and labour'd to depart,
Spight of my Feet, I follow'd with my Heart;
Since thus I griev'd my Loss, it was unkind
Not once to sigh for what thou left'st behind.

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Soneto Español de Don Felipe Ayres.

*En alabanza de su Ingenioso Amigo, Don Pedro
Reggio, uno de los mayores Musicos
de su tiempo.*

S*I el Thebano Sabio, en dulce Canto
De su Tierra los Hechos escribia,
Y en elegantes Versos los dezia,
Que viven y con embidia, con espanto;*

*Tu Reggio, ya con soberano encanto,
Del Pindaro Ingles, con Armonia,
Asi exprimes la dulce Melodia,
Que la admiration suspende el llanto.*

*No es mucho pues, que vences lo mas fuerte,
(Si ya tu voz merece eterna Palma)
Y tu Instrumento al mismo Apolo assombre,
Pues Logras dos Victorias en tu suerte,
Una de la Armonia para L'alma:
Otra del Instrumento para el Nombre.*

A Sonnet.

On CYNTHIA sick.

(Plain

HELP! Help! Ye Nymphs, whilst on the neighb'ring
Your Flocks do feed, Come and Assistance bring,
Alas! Fair *Cynthia's* sick and languishing,
For whom my Heart endures a greater Pain.

Ye *Syrens* of the *Thames*, let all your Train
Tune their shrill Instruments, and to them sing,
And let its Flow'ry Banks with Echo's ring,
This may her wonted cheerful Looks regain.

Ye Herbs, that richest Med'cines can produce,
Come quickly and afford such Sov'reign Juice,
As from her Heart may all the Pains remove:

But in her Face if Death would Paleness give,
And Fate ordain that she in Torment live,
Then let her suffer in the Flames of Love.

*The TURTLE DOVES.**From Jovianus Pontanus.*

YE Happy Pair of Turtle Doves,
Renewing still your former Loves,
Who on one Bough, both sing one Song,
Have but one Care, one Heart, one Tongue ;
Whilst our Loves varying as our Fate,
Can scarce sometimes be known from Hate ;
You to your first Amours are true,
Would we could Pattern take by you.

What Force of Love amongst us, tell,
Such Opposition can compel ?
If from some powerful Fire it Spring,
Whence all this Cold and Shivering ?

From Cold if Love's strange Force arise,
How are our Hearts his Sacrifice ?
This Myst'ry I can ne'er unfold,
Why Love is rul'd by Heat and Cold.

You might the Scruple best remove
That are the Emblem of TRUE-LOVE.

*An Essay towards a Character of His Sacred
Majesty King JAMES the II.*

I Paint the Prince the World would surely crave,
Could they the Summ of all their Wishes have;
Pattern of Goodness Him on Earth we see,
Who knows He bears the Stamp of Deity;
He's made, by Nature, fit for Sword or Gown,
And with undoubted Right enjoys his Crown;
As Gold by Fire, He's try'd by Suffering,
Preserv'd by Miracles to be a King;
Troubles were Foils to make his Glories shine,
Through all conducted by a Hand Divine:
Malice long strove his Fortunes to defeat,
Now Earth and Heav'n conspire to make him Great:
He of all Temp'ral Blessings is posselt,
But in a Royal Confort doubly blest:
His Mind, as Head, with Princely Vertue crown'd,
To him, no Equal can on Earth be found.
His ev'ry Action has peculiar Grace,
And MAJESTY appears in Mien and Face.

In Subjects Hearts, as on his Throne he reigns;
Himself the Weight of all his Realms sustains;
Of ablest Statesmen ever seeks Advice,
And of best Councils knows to make his Choice;
Is taught by long Obedience, to command;
His own best Gen'ral He for Sea, and Land.
Loves Peace, whilst thus for War and Action fit,
And Arms and Hate lays down when Foes submit:
Not of too open, nor too frugal Mind,
In all things to the Golden Mean inclin'd;
Seems for himself not born, but People rather,
And shews by's Care, that He's their Common Father;
Lewdness expels both from his Camp, and Court;
No Flatt'ers please, nor Fools can make him Sport;
Grave in Discourfing, in his Habit plain,
And all Excess endeavours to restrain:
As Fates decree, so stands his Royal Word,
O'er all his Passions governs as their Lord;
Nicely does he inspect each Fair Pretence,
Justice alike to Friend and Foe dispense;
He's the Retreat to which Opprest do fly,
Extending Help to those in Misery.

Gracious to Good, to Wicked Men severe,
 Supports the Humble, makes the Haughty fear;
 To true Deserts in Mercy unconfin'd,
 His Laws do more Himself than others bind,
 At Sea his Naval Power He stretches far,
 In *Europe* holds the Scales of Peace and War,
 His Actions lasting Monuments shall frame,
 None leave to Future Age so sweet a Name.
 Add ten times more, the Royal Image must
 Fall short of *JAMES* the Great, the Good, the Just.

Sleeping Eyes.

FAIR Eyes, ye Mortal Stars below,
 Whose Aspects do portend my Ill!
 That sleeping cannot chuse but show
 How wretched me you long to kill;
 If thus you can such Pleasure take,
 What would you, if you were awake?

An

An Ode of Anacreon Englished.

ἜΙΣ ΧΕΛΙΔΟΝΑ.

To the SWALLOW.

Beginning Σὺ μὲν φίλῃ Χελιδνίῳ

I.

DE A R Bird, thy Tunes and Sportings here,
Delight us all the Day;
Who dwell'st amongst us half the Year,
And then art forc'd away.

II.

Thou canst not Winter's Fury bear,
But cross the Southern Main,
To warmer *Africk* dost repair,
Till Spring return again.

III.

But, Ah! No Force of Storm, or Art,
Drives *Cupid* from my Brest,
He took Possession of my Heart,
And in it built his Nest.

IV.

This Bird there hatches all his Young,
Where each by Instinct led,
Learns of its Sire his Tricks and Song,
With Shell upon its Head.

V.

And e'er these Loves have plum'd their VVings,
They multiply apace,
For as one plays, or cryes, or sings,
It propagates its Race.

VI.

Now their Confusion's grown so loud,
It cannot be exprest:
I've such Disturbance with the Crowd,
They give my Soul no Rest.

En-

Love so as to be belov'd again.

An Idyllium of Moschus.

Beginning "Ἢεῖ Πάν Αἰὼς τὰς γένοιτο" &c.

PAN lov'd his Neighbour *Echo*, *Echo* strove
To gain a nimble *Satyr* to her Love;
This *Satyr* had on *Lyda* fixt his Flame,
Who on another Swain had done the same.

As *Echo Pan*, did *Satyr Echo* hate;
And *Lyda* scorn'd the *Satyr* for her Mate:
Thus Love by Contrarieties did burn,
And each for Love and Hatred took the turn.

For as these did the other's Flame despise,
As little those their Lovers Passions prize:
Then learn all you who never felt the Pain,
To love, as you may be belov'd again.

*All things should contribute to the Lover's
Assistance.*

An Idyllium of Moschus Englished.

Beginning "Εσπερὸς αὖτις ἰερατὺς —

O F Loving *Venus*, O Cœlestial Light! —
Hesperus, Usher of the sable Night,
Thô paler than the Moon, thou dost as far
Transcend in Brightness ev'ry other Star.

To my Dear Shepherdess my Steps befriend,
In *Luna's* stead do thou thy Conduct lend;
With waning Light, not long before the Sun,
He rose, and now by this her Course has run.

No base Intrigue this Night I undertake,
No Journey I for Common Bus'ness make:
Love, and bear within me *Cupid's* Fire,
And all things should to Lovers Aid conspire,

CUPID turn'd Plowman.

An Idyllium of MOSCHUS.

Λαμπαδα θεῷ καὶ πλοῦτα----

ONCE for his Pleasure *LOVE* would go
 Without his Quiver, Torch, or Bow;
 He took with him a Ploughman's Whip,
 And Corn as much as fill'd his Scrip;
 Upon his shoulders hung the Load,
 And thus equipp'd he went abroad;
 With Bulls that often Yoaks had worn,
 He plow'd the Ground, and sow'd his Corn,
 Then looking up to Heav'n with pride,
 Thus mighty *Jove* he vilify'd.
 Now scorch my Field, and spoil my Seed,
 Do, and you shall repent the deed;
Europa's Bull I'll make you bow
 Your haughty Neck, and draw my Plow.

Love's Subtily.

An Idyllium of Moschus.

Beginning *Ἀλφειὸς μὲν Πίσαν---*

BY Pisa's Walls does Old *Alpheus* flow
To Sea, and thence to's *Arethusa* goe,
With Waters bearing Presents as they move,
Leaves, Flowers, and Olive-Branches, to his Love:

And of the Sacred Dust the Heroes raise,
When at *Olympic* Games they strive for Bays;
He sinks and dives with Art beneath the Sea,
And to *Sicilia* does his Streams convey.

But still will he his Purity retain,
Nor is his Course obstructed by the Main.
Twas Love, whose subtil Tricks will ne'er be done,
That taught the Am'rous River thus to run,

Love makes the best Poets.

An Idyllium of BION.

Beginning, Ταῖς Μοῖσαις ἔπειτα ἔργον

DArts, Torch, or Bow, the Muses do not fear,
They love and follow *Cupid* ev'ry where,
And him whose Breast His Arrows cannot reach,
They all avoid, refusing him to teach.

But if *Love's* Fire begin to warm a Heart,
They straight inspire it with their Sacred Art;
Let none with subtil Logick this deny,
For I too well the Truth can testify.

If Men, or Gods I strive to celebrate,
My Musick's Discord, and my Verse is flat:
For *Love*, or *Lycis*, when my Vein I show,
My Viol's tun'd, and sweetest Numbers flow.

The Death of ADONIS.

Ἀδωνίῳ ἢ Κυδίῳ

Of Theocritus Englished.

WHEN VENUS her ADONIS found,
 Just slain, and weltring on the Ground,
 With Hair disorder'd, gashly Look,
 And Cheeks their Roses had forfok ;
 She bad the Cupids fetch with speed,
 The Boar that did this horrid Deed :
 They, to revenge Adonis Blood,
 As quick as Birds search'd all the Wood,
 And straight the murd'rous Creature found,
 Whom they, with Chains, securely bound ;
 And whilst his Net one o'er him slung,
 To drag the Captive Boar along ;
 Another follow'd with his Bow,
 Nothing to make him faster go ;
 Who most unwillingly obey'd,
 For he of VENUS was afraid.
 No sooner she the Boar espy'd,
 At, Oh ! Thou cruel Beast, she cry'd,

That hadst the Heart to wound this Thigh,
How couldst thou kill so sweet a Boy?

Great Goddess (said the *Boar*, and stood
Trembling) I swear by all that's Good,
By thy Fair Self, by Him I've slain,
These pretty Hunters; and this Chain;
I did no Harm this Youth intend,
Much less had Thought to kill your Friend:
I gaz'd, and with my Passion strove,
For with his Charms I fell in Love:
At last that naked Thigh of his,
With Lovers Heat I ran to kiss;
Oh Fatal Cause of all my Woe!

'Twas then I gave the heedless Blow.
These Tusks with utmost Rigour draw,
Cut, break, or tear them from my Jaw,
'Tis just I should these Teeth remove,
Teeth that can have a Sense of Love;
Or this Revenge, if yet too small,
Cut off the Kissing Lips and all.

When *Venus* heard this humble Tale,
Pitty did o'er her Rage prevail,

She bad them straight his Chains unty,
And set the *Boar* at Liberty;
Who ne'er to Wood return'd again,
But follow'd *Venus* in her Train,
And when by Chance to Fire he came,
His Am'rous Tusks sing'd in the Flame.

Love a Spirit.

I Told *Jacinta* t'other Day,
As in a pleasant Bow'r we fate,
Sporting and Chatting Time away,
Of Love, and of I know not what;
That Love's a Spirit, some maintain,
From whom (say they) we're seldom free;
He gives us both Delight and Pain,
Yet him we neither touch, nor see.
But when I view (said I) your Eyes,
I can perceive he thither skips,
He now about them hov'ring flies,
And I can feel him on your Lips.

Commends the SPRING.

A Paraphrase on an *Idyllium* of B I O N.

Beginning

Ἐἴαρό γε ὦ Μύρτον, ἢ χεῖμα γέ γε φθινόπωρον.

CLEODEMUS and MYRSON.

CLEO.

WHICH Season, *Myrson*, does most Pleasure bring
 The Summer, Autumn, Winter, or the Spring
 Does not the SUMMER? When the Joyful Swain
 Pays *Ceres* Rights, and fills his Barns with Grain.
 Or is the AUTUMN best in your Esteem?
 That drives no Shepherd to the distant Stream
 To quench his Thirst: Or wanting common Food,
 To range for Nuts and Acorns in the Wood.
 For then our Vines their *Nectar* Juice afford:
 And Orchards with *Ambrosian* Fruits are stor'd.
 Or can you the Cold WINTER more admire?
 When Frost and Snow confine you to the Fire,
 With Wine and Feasting, Musick and Delights,
 And pleasant Tales, to shorten tedious Nights.
 Or give you for the Flowry SPRING your Voice?
 Pray tell me, for I long to hear your Choice.

MY

MTR.

SINCE God at first (as we from Poets hear.)
 Distinguish'd these Four Seasons of the Year,
 sacred to Deities, to whom we bow,
 Our Judgment of them they will scarce allow.
 Yet, *Cleodemus*, answ'ring your Request,
 Will tell my Thoughts, which I esteem the best.
 SUMMER offends, when *Sol* with fiercest Ray,
 In my tir'd Limbs, does Fainting Heats convey:
 And me as little can moist AUTUMN please,
 Legendring Fogs, That Season's all Disease;
 Much less could I delight in WINTER's Snow,
 Or Nipping Frosts, or Tempests when they blow.
 Ah, Oh, the SPRING! Whose Name delights the Ear.
 Would a Continual Spring were all the Year.
 Though others brought no Damage, yet the Spring
 With purer Air, makes Birds in Concert sing.
 Cloaths our Fields, our Gardens, and our Bowers,
 In fresh Array, adorn'd with various Flowers.
 Makes the Fruitful Earth, when pregnant long,
 Bring forth, and kindly nurse her Tender Young.
 Herds leave their Fodder, and in Pastures keep;
 And Day is equal to the Time of Sleep.

When God from Nothing made the Heav'ns and Earth,
And first gave all his Creatures Life and Birth:
Sure it was Spring, and gentle Winds did blow,
And all-Earth's Products full Perfection show.

To sweet Meat, sovre Sauce.

An Imitation of *Theocritus* or *Anacreon*.

AS *Cupid* from the Bees their Honey stole,
Being stung, he in the Anguish of his Soul,
Fled with his Dear-bought Purchase, which he laid
On *Cynthia's* Lips, and thus in Anger said;
Here I'm resolv'd shall a Memorial be,
Of this my sweet, but punish'd Robbery;
Let him endure as great a Pain as this,
Who next presumes these Nectar Lips to kiss;
Their Sweetness shall convey revenging Smart,
Honey to's Mouth, but Torment to his Heart.

The Young Fowler that mistook his Game.

An Idyllium of BION.

Ἰδύλλιόν ἐν καρπῷ, ἐν ἄλσιν διδεδόσμενον,

"Opvea Inpōllaw----

A Brisk Young Archer that had scarce his Trade,
In search of Game, alone his Progress made

To a Near Wood, and as he there did rove,
Spy'd in a Box-Tree perch'd, the God of Love :

For Joy, did he his lucky Stars adore,

Ne'er having seen so large a Bird before ;

Then in due Order all his Lime-twigs set,

Prepar'd his Arrows, and display'd his Net ;

Yet would the Crafty Bird no Aim allow,

But flew from Tree to Tree, and Bough to Bough ;

At which his strange Success, for Grief he cry'd,

In Anger throwing Bow, and Toys aside :

And to the Man that taught him, ran in Hast,

To whom he gave Account of all that past,

Making him leave his Plow, to come, and see,

And shew'd him *Cupid* sitting in the Tree.

The good Man, when he saw it, shook his Head ;
Leave off, Fond Boy, leave off, he smiling sed ;
Hast from this Dang'rous Fowl, that from you flies,
And follow other Game, let me advise.
For when to riper Age, you shall attain,
This Bird that shuns you now, you'll find again ;
Then use your Skill, 'twill all your Art abide ;
Sit on your Shoulders, and in Triumph ride.

CUPID's Nest.

AH! Tell me, Love, thy Nesting Place,
Is't in my Heart, or *Cynthia's* Face ?
For when I see her Graces shine,
There art thou perch'd with Pow'r Divine :
Yet strait I feel thy pointed Dart,
And find thee flutt'ring in my Heart ;
Then since amongst us thou wilt show,
The many Tricks thou Love canst doe,
Prithee for sport remove thy Nest,
First to my Face, and then to *Cynthia's* Brest.

An Ode of ANACREON.

TO HIMSELF.

'E^{is} 'EATTON.

Beginning Ὅταν ὁ Βάκχος ἐπέλθῃ-----

WHEN Fumes of Wine ascend into my Brain,
Care sleeps, and I the Bustling World disdain,
Nor all the Wealth of *Craſus* I esteem,
Ning of Mirth, for Jollity's my Theme.

With Garlands, I my Ruby Temples crown,
Keeping Rebellious Thoughts of Business down ;
a Broyls, and Wars, while others take Delight,
with choice Friends indulge my Appetite.

Then fetch more Bottles, Boy, and charge us round,
We'll fall to *Bacchus*, Victims on the Ground ;
Nor value what dull Moralists have ſed,
I'm ſure 'tis better to be drunk, than dead.

An

An Ode of *ANACREON*.

To his Mistress,

Ἔς Κόπλιν.

Beginning Ἦ Τανταλὸς ποτ' ἔζη---

NEAR *Troy*, *Latona's* Rival makes her Mone,
 Chang'd by the Gods, into a Weeping Stone;
 And ravish'd *Philomel*, (they say 'tis true)
 Became a Bird, stretch'd out her Wings, and flew.

But I could wish to be your Looking-Glass,
 Thence to admire the Beauties of your Face:
 Or Robe *de Chambre*, that each Night and Morn,
 On those sweet Limbs undrest, I might be worn.

Or else a Crystal Spring for your Delight,
 And you to bathe in those cool Streams invite:
 Or be some precious Sweets to please the Smell,
 That in your Hand, I near your Lips might dwell.

Or String of Pearls, upon your Neck to rest,
 Or Pendent Gem, kissing your Snowy Brest;
 E'en to your Feet, would I my Wish pursue,
 A Shoe I'd be, might I be worn by you.

TO LOVE.

An Ode of ANACREON.

Eis Ἐρωτα.

Beginning Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλεῖν----

TIS sad if Love should miss a Heart,
Yet sadder much to feel the Smart,

But who can *Cupid's* Wounds indure,
And have no Prospect of a Cure?

We Lovers are not look'd upon,
For what our Ancestors have done?

Wit and good Parts have slight Regard,
No Vertue can obtain Reward.

They ask what Coyn our Purfes hold,
No Object's like a Heap of Gold.

But doubly be the Wretch accurst
Who taught us to esteem it first.

This Thirst of Gold incites one Brother
To ruine or destroy another:

Our Fathers we for Gold despise.

Hence Envy, Strife, and VVars arise:

And Gold's the Bane, as I could prove,

Of all that truly are in Love.

A Sonnet.

Out of *Spanish*, from *Don Luis de Gongora*.

On a Death's-Head, covered with Cobwebs,
kept in a Library, and said to be
the Scull of a King.

THIS Mortal Spoil which so neglected lies,
Death's sad *Memento*, now where Spiders weave
Their Subtil Webs, which Innocence deceive,
Whose Strength to break their Toyls cannot suffice :

Saw it self Crown'd, it self Triumphant saw,
With Mighty Deeds proclaiming its Renown ;
Its Smiles were Favours, Terrour was its Frown,
The World of its Displeasure stood in Awe.

Where Pride ordaining Laws did once preside,
Which Land should Peace enjoy, which Wars abide.

There boldly now these little Insects nest ;

Then raise not, Kings, your Haughty Plumes so high,
For in Death's cold Embraces when you lye,
Your Bones with those of common Subjects rest.

From

From an Imperfect Ode of Hybrias the Cretan.

Beginning "Εστὶ μοι πλῆτος, μέγα δόρυ, καὶ ξίφος

MY Riches are a Trusty Sword, and Spear,
And a tough Shield, which I in Battel wear;
This, as a Rampart, its Defence does lend,
Whilst with the others I my Foes-offend.

With these I plow, with these my Crops I reap,
With these, for VVine, I press the Juicie Grape,
These are (unless I fall by Fickle Chance)
Machines which me to Dignities advance.

Oh thrice Beloved Target, Spear, and Sword,
That all these Heav'nly Blessings can afford!
Those who the Havock of my Weapons fear,
And tremble when of Blood, and VVounds they hear.

They are the Men which me my Treasures bring,
Erect my Trophies, stile me Lord and King:
And such, while I my Conquests spread abroad,
Shall all adore me, as they do their God.

Complains

*Complains of the Shortness of Life.**An Idyllium of BION.**Ἐμὲ μοι χαλὰ πέλει τὰ μελὺδ' ἔρα---*

TH O' I had writ such Poems, that my Name
 Deserv'd Enrollment in the Book of Fame;
 Or thò my Muse could ne'er acquire the Bays,
 VVhy thus in drudging do I spend my Days?
 For should indulgent Heav'n prolong our Date,
 Doubling the Term of Life prescrib'd by Fate,
 That we might half in Care, and Toyl employ,
 And spend the other in Delights and Joy:
 VVe then this sweet Assurance might retain,
 To reap in Time the Fruits of all our Pain:
 But since none can the Bounds of Life extend,
 And all our Troubles have a speedy End,
 VVhy do we wrack our Brains, and waste our Health,
 To study Curious Arts, or heap up VVealth?
 Sure we forget we came of Mortal Seed,
 And the short Time Fate has for us decreed.

Out of *Latine* from *Jovianus Pontanus*.

Being sick of a Fever, complains of the Fountain
C A S I S.

C A S I S to craving Fields, thou lib'ral Flood,
Why so remote when thou should'st cool my Blood?
From Mossie Rocks thy Silver Streams do glide,
By which the foultry Air is qualify'd;
Tall Trees do kindly yield thy Head their Shade,
Where Choirs of Birds their sweet Retreats have made;
But me a Fever here in Bed detains,
And Heat dries up the Moisture of my Veins.
For this, did I with Flowers, thy Banks adorn?
And has, for this, thy Head my Garlands worn?
Ingrateful Spring, 'Tis I, thy Tale have told,
And sang in Verses, thy Renown of Old.

How on a Time, *Jove* made in Heav'n a Feast,
To which each God, and Goddess came a Guest;
Young *Ganymede* was there to fill the Bowl,
The Boy, by's Eagle *Jove* from *Ida* stole:
Who proud the Gods admir'd his Mien, and Face,
And active in the Duty of his Place:

K

Turn-

Turning in haste, he made a careless Tread,
And from the Goblet all the Nectar shed,
Which pouring down from Heav'n upon the Ground,
In a small Pit, it self had forc'd, was found.
At which *Jove* smil'd, and said, my Lovely Boy,
I'll make this keep thy Chance in Memory;
A Brook shall flow where first thy Liquor fell,
And *Casis* call'd, which of thy Fame shall tell;
Then with a Kiss he did his *Minion* grace,
Making a Crimson Blush o'erspread his Face.

This flatt'ring Tale I often us'd to sing,
To the soft Musick of thy bubbling Spring;
But thou to distant *Umbrians* dost retire,
Forgetful grown of thy *Aonian* Lyre;
No Kindness now thou yield'st me as at first,
No cooling Water to allay my Thirst;
I have thy Image in my troubled Brain,
But to my Pallate no Relief obtain.
Whole Vessels in my Dreams I seem to drink,
And that I cool my raging Fever think;

My Sleep to me at least this Comfort yields,
 Whil'st the fierce Dog-star chaps the parched Fields.
 Some Help, ye Muses, to your Poet bring,
 Let him not thirst that drinks your sacred Spring;
 Persephon's Favour with your Songs implore,
 Orpheus appeas'd her with his Harp before.

His Heart, into a Bird.

THE Tears o'erflow'd fair Cynthia's Eyes,
 Her pretty Bird away was flown;
 For this great Loss she made her Moan,
 And quarrell'd with her Destinies.

My Heart a secret Joy exprest,
 As hoping Good from that Escape,
 Took Wings, and in the Fug'tive's Shape,
 Got Shelter in her Snowy Brest.

Which prov'd a Fatal Resting-Place,
 For she, th'Impostor when she found,
 Gave it with Spight a Mortal Wound,
 When pleas'd, she laugh'd, and dry'd her Face.

In Praise of a Countrey Life.

THE Blifs which Souls enjoy above,
He seems on Earth to share,
Who does Divine Retirement love,
And frees himself from Care,
Nor Thought admits which may his Peace controul,
But in a quiet State contents his bounded Soul.

Faction, and noisy Routs he hates,
Fills not his Head with News,
Waits at no State-man's crowded Gates,
Nor servile Phrase does use;
From all false Meaning are his Words refin'd,
His sober Out-side is the *Index* of his Mind.

In pleasant Shades enjoys his Ease,
No Project spoils his Sleep,
With Rural Pipe himself can please,
And charm his wandring Sheep,
Till to his Cottage in some quiet Grove,
By dusky Night's Approach he's summon'd to remove.

On tempting Gold, and Baits of Gain,
 With scorn he casts his Eyes,
 As Mischief's Root, and Virtue's Bane,
 Can their Assaults despise ;
 Riches he sees our Liberty abuse,
 And to their slavish Yoke he does his Neck refuse.

Fruit-Trees their loaded Boughs extend,
 For him to take his Choise ;
 His wholesome Drink the Fountains lend,
 With pleasant purling Noise ;
 Notes untaught, Birds that like him are free,
 Give which shall most delight him with their Harmony.

Th'industrious Bee example shows,
 And teaches him to live,
 While she from Woodbine, Pink, and Rose,
 Flies loaded to her Hive :
 At narrow bounds contain his Winter's Store,
 At Nature be suppli'd, and he desires no more.

No Misery this Man attends,
Vice cannot him allure,
Each Chance contributes to his Ends,
Which makes his Peace secure ;
Others may boast of their Luxurious Strife,
But happy He possesses more of solid Life.

Mortal Jealousie.

B Egon, O thou distracting Care,
Partner of Sorrow, and Despair !
Thy Poyson spreads to ev'ry Part
Of this my poor tormented Heart.

If it be false, with which of late,
Thou hast disturb'd my quiet State,
Why, to affright me, would'st thou bring
So well compos'd a Monstrous Thing ?

But if with Truth thou would'st delight,
To clear my long deluded Sight,
Under that Vail does Falshood lye,
'Tis Death thou bring'st, not Jealousie.

*The Innocent Magician ; or , A Charm against
LOVE.*

A Great, but Harmless Conjuror am I,
That can Love's Captives set at Liberty ;
Hearts led astray by his deluding Flame,
To their peaceful Dwellings can reclaim ;
Love's Wings I clip, and take from him his Arms,
By the sole Virtue of my Sacred Charms ;
His Empire shakes when I appear in Sight,
My Words the Wing'd and Quiver'd Boys affright ;
Their close Retreats my boundless Power invades,
Nor can they hide them in their Myrtle Shades.
Their Sun's bright Rays, they now eclips'd shall find,
Whose fancy'd Light strikes giddy Lovers blind,
Rays of fair Eyes, which they proclaim Divine,
And boast they can Sol's dazzling Beams out-shine.
The Storms of Sighs, and Rivers of their Eyes,
My Skill allays, and their large Current dries.
Hearts that are dead, I from their Graves retrieve,
And by my Magick-Spell can make them live.

For know, they're only Tricks, and subtil Arts,
 With which the Tyrant Love ensnares our Hearts;
 This Traytor plants his Toils to gain his Prize,
 In Curls of Flaxen Hair, and Sparkling Eyes:
 In each soft Look, and Smile, he sets a Gin,
 White Hands, or Snowy Breasts can tempt us in.

Wholly on Mischief is his Mind employ'd,
 His fairest Shows do greatest Dangers hide;
 With Charming Sounds his Vot'ryes he beguiles,
 Till he destroys them by his Syren's Wiles;
 His Cunning *Circes* ev'ry where deceive,
 And Men of Souls and Humane Shape bereave.

A thousand other Arts this Treach'rous Boy,
 To heedless Lovers Ruine does employ.
 Be watchful then, and his Allurements shun,
 So ends my Charm. Run to your Freedom, Run.

The happy NIGHTINGALE.

MELodious Creature, happy in thy Choice!
 That sitting on a Bough,
 Dost sing, Dear Mate, my Dear, Come to me now;
 And she obeys thy Voice.
 Ah, could my Songs such Bliss procure!
 For mine could *Cynthia* ne'er allure:

Nor have I Wings like thee to fly,
 But must neglected lye;
 I cannot her to Pity move,
 She scorns my Songs, and me :
 While thou rejoycest all the Grove,
 (As well thou may'st) with Melody,
 For thou art happy in thy Love.

No Creature e'er could boast a perfect State,
 Unless to thee it may belong,
 Since Nature lib'rally supplies,
 All thy Infirmities,
 To thy weak Organs gave a pow'rful Song ;
 Tho' small in Size, thou art in Fortune great,
 Compar'd to mine, thy Happiness is most compleat.

On FAME.

THE Fame we covet, is a wandring Air,
 Which against Silence wages constant War ;
 For to be Mute does her so much displease,
 That true, or false, she seldom holds her peace ;
 She but a while can in a place remain,
 'Tis running up and down, does her sustain ;
 Tho' Dead, she seem, she quickly can revive,
 And with a Thousand Tongues, a *Hydra* live.

LEAN-

LEANDER *drowned.*

TH^O' Winds, and Seas oppose their utmost Spight,
Joyn'd with the Horrour of a dismal Night,
To keep his word the brave *Leander* strove,
Honour his Convoy, and his Pilot Love;
He long resists the envious Billows Rage,
Whose Malice would his generous Flame allwage;

At last, his weary Limbs o'ercome with Pain,
No longer could the mighty Force sustain;
Then Thoughts of losing *Hero* made him grieve,
Only for *Hero* could he wish to live.
With feeble Voice, a while to respite Fate,
He with his Foes would fain capitulate:

Whilst they against him still their Fury bend,
Nor these his dying Accents would attend.
Since to your greater Powers I must submit,
Ye VVinds and Seas, at least, this Prayer admit;
That with my Faith I may to her comply,
And at return let me your Victim dy.

To SLEEP.

When sick of a Fever.

Happy are we who when our Senses tire,
Can slack the Chain of Thought, & check Desire.
Nature her Works does in Perfection frame,
Rarely producing any weak, or lame;

She looks on Man with kindest Influence,
Does for one Ill a thousand Goods dispence;
Sleep, blessed Sleep she gave our lab'ring Eyes.
Oh how I now those happy Minutes prize!

This Rest, our Life's Cessation we may call,
The Ease of Toil, of Care the Intervall.
For such Refreshment we from Sleep obtain,
That we with Pleasure fall to work again.

To Minds afflicted, Sleep a Cure imparts,
Pouring its Sov'reign Balsom on our Hearts.
When Wounds, or sharp Distempers rage, and sting,
Kind Slumbers then some welcome Respites bring:

But

But waking kept by an Excess of Grief,
 We from Eternal Sleep expect Relief.
 So wretched I, tormented to Despair,
 With Pain my Body, and my Soul with Care,

Implore thy Comfort, Gentle Deity,
 Whom none could e'er but with clos'd Eye-lids see.

AN EPIGRAM

On WOMAN.

SINCE Man's a Little World, to make it great
 Add Woman, and the Metaphor's compleat;
 Nature this Piece with utmost Skill design'd,
 And made her of a Substance more refin'd,
 But wretched Man compos'd of Dust, and Clay,
 Must like all Earthly Things, with Time decay;

While she may justly boast of what's Eternal,
 A Heav'nly Count'nance, and a Heart Infernal,

A PARAPHRASE.

On *CALLIMACHUS*.

Περὶ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΩΝ.

OF LEARNING.

Beginning Καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ περὶ μὲν ὅσα—

THE Rosy Chaplets which my Head adorn,
And richest Garments on my Body worn,
In Beauty and in Substance must decay,
And by Degrees shall all consume away:

The Meats and Drinks which do my Life sustain,
Nature in certain hours expels again.
We of no outward Blessings are secure,
They cannot time's, nor Fortune's Shocks endure.

For all my Worldly Goods are subject still
To a Thief's Mercy, or Oppressour's Vill:
But Sacred Learning treasur'd in the Mind,
When all things else forsake me, stays behind.

Cyn-

\ *Cynthia returned from the Country.*

I S *Cynthia* happily return'd,
Whose Absence I so long have mourn'd?
Or do I dream, or is it she?
My Life's Restorer 'tis, I see.

Ah, Fugitive, that hadst the Heart,
Body and Soul so long to part!
Thy Presence is a sweet Surprise,
A welcome Dream to waking Eyes;
Who can such Joy in Bounds contain,
My *Cynthia* is come back again!
No notice of your Coming? This
Is just to surfeit me with Bliss.

You are (as when you went) unkind,
With such Extreams to charge my Mind;
This suddain Pleasure might destroy,
E'er Sorrow could make way for Joy.

The Eye is struck before the Ear,
VVe Lightning see, e'er we the Thunder hear.

A Pæan, or Song of Triumph, translated into
a Pindaric; supposed to be of Alcæus, of
Sappho, or of Praxilla the Sycionian.

Beginning, Ἐν μύρτῳ κλαδί τῷ ξίφει φορέσω....

THIS Sword I'll carry in a Myrtle Bough,
It is my Trophy now;

Aristogiton, and *Harmodius*,

They bare it thus,

When they the Tyrant had destroy'd,

Restoring *Athens* to those Liberties,

Which she so much does prize,

And which she anciently enjoy'd.

O Dear *Harmodius*! Thou art not dead,

But in the Island of the Blest,

Dost live in Peace, and Rest:

For so 'tis said,

Thou happy art in Company

Of swift *Achilles*, and fierce *Diomedes*,

And dost *Tydidēs* see;

Therefore this Sword in a Green Myrtle Bough,

I carry as in Triumph now,

The

The brave *Harmodius*,
 And fam'd *Aristogiton* bare it thus :
 For when they had perform'd the Sacrifice,
 To our great Patroness, *Minerva*, due,
 They, as he in his Grandeur sate,
 The Tyrant, Proud *Hipparchus* slew,
 Who o'er th' *Athenian* State,
 Without Pretence of Right, did tyrannize.
 Eternal Honours you on Earth shall gain,
Aristogiton, and *Harmodius* !
 You have the bloody Tyrant slain,
 By which you do restore,
 Your City to the Laws which govern'd it before.

Beauty makes us happy.

HAppy's the Man who does thy Beauty see;
 Yet Happier he who sees and sighs for thee :
 But he does greatest Happiness obtain,
 Who sighs for thee, and makes thee sigh again ;
 Some powerful Star did govern at his Birth,
 Who for the lov'liest Creature upon Earth,
 Shall in Content his Eye and Wishes join,
 And safely say of thee, That Heart is mine.

To John Dryden Esq; Poet Laureat and Historiographer Royal, his Honoured Friend.

MY Muse, when heated with Poetic Flame,
Longs to be singing thy exalted Name;
The noble Task she sets before my Eyes,
And prompts me to begin the Enterprize;

My eager Hand no sooner takes the Pen,
But seiz'd with Trembling, lets it fall agen:
My tim'rous Heart bids stop, and whispering says,
What canst thou sing that may advance his Praise;

His Quill's Immortal, and his Flights are higher
Than Eye of Humane Fancy can aspire:

A lasting Fountain, from whose Streams do flow
Eternal Honours where his Works shall go.

From Him the Wits their Vital Humour bring:
As Brooks have their first Currents from the Spring;
Should my unskilful Pen augment his Fame,
Should my own eternize with his Name.

Let hold my Muse, thy Theme too great decline,
Remember that the Subject is Divine:
His Works do more than Pen, or Tongues can say,
Each Line does Beauty, Grace and Wit display.

To a Singing BIRD.

DEAR prison'd Bird, how do the Stars combine,
To make my am'rous State resemble thine?
Thou, happy thou! dost sing, and so do I,
Yet both of us have lost our Liberty;
For him thou sing'st who Captive thee detains,
And I for her who makes me wear her Chains:
But I, alas, this disproportion find,
Thou for Delight, I sing to ease my Mind:
Thy Heart's exalted, mine depress'd does lye;
Thou liv'st by Singing, I, by Singing dye.

The Happy LOVER.

HARK Lovers, hark, and I shall tell
A Wonder that will please you well;
She, whom I lov'd as my own Heart,
For whom I sigh'd and suffer'd Smart;
Whom I above the World admir'd:
When I approach'd, who still retir'd:
Was so reserv'd, but yet so fair,
An Angel to what others are:
Her self from Love escapes not free,
The Man belov'd? 'Tis happy I am He.

The Pæan of Bacchylides,

Πᾶσι εἰρήνη.

On P E A C E.

Beginning

Τίχλει ὃ θνατοῖσιν εἰρήνη μεγάλη

Πλάττον-ε-

Great Goddess *PEACE* does Wealth on us bestow,
From her our Sciences and Learning flow,
Our Arts improve, and we the Artists prize,
Our Altars fume with richest Sacrifice :

Boys and Maids their active Sports they often meet,
They revel and dance with Maydens in the Street,
The useless Shield serves to adorn the Hall,
Whence Spiders weave their Nets against the Wall ;

Antlets and Spears lye cover'd o'er with Dust,
And slighted Swords half eaten up with Rust ;
No Trumpets sound, no rattling Drums we hear,
No frightful Clamours pierce the tim'rous Ear ;

Our weary Eyes enjoying nat'ral Rest,
Refresh the Heart when 'tis with Cares oppress :

Days steal away in Feasting and Delight,
And Lovers spend in Serenades the Night.

An Ode of ANACREON.

Beginning Πολλοὶ μὲν ἡμῖν ἤδη Κρόταφοι---

MY Hairs are hoary, wrinkled is my Face,
 I lose my Strength, and all my Manly Grace;
 My Eyes grow dim, my Teeth are broke or gone,
 And the best part of all my Life is done;

I'm drown'd in Cares, and often sigh and weep;
 My Spirits fail me, broken is my Sleep;
 Thoughts of the gaping Grave distract my Head;
 For in its Paths 'wake or asleep we tread;

None can from it, by Art their Feet restrain;
 Nor back, tho' wide its Gates, can come again.
 Then since these Ills attend the Life of Man,
 Let's make their Burden easy as we can.

Cares are no Cares, but whilst on them we think,
 To clear our Minds of such dull Thoughts, let's drink

The Musical Conquerefs.

LED by kind Stars, one Ev'ning to the Grove,
 I spy'd my *Cynthia* in the Walk of Love;
 Her Heav'nly Voice did soon salute my Ears,
 I heard, methought, the Music of the Sphears.

Those Notes on all the Birds had laid a Spell,
 And list'ning 'mongst the rest was *Philomel*;
 Who thinking she, in Credit, suffer'd wrong,
 strove, tho' in vain, to equal *Cynthia's* Song:

But when her self, in Voice, out-done she knew,
 Being griev'd, she ceas'd, and from her Rival flew.
 I stay'd, and saw my Fair walk round the Tree,
 And sing her Triumph for the Victory.

Thus whilst my Ears were feasted with Delight,
 My Eyes no less were charm'd at her Angelic Sight.

A Nymph to a Young Shepherd, insensible of
LOVE.

WHY dost thou fly me thus? Oh cruel Boy!
I am no Wolf that would thy Life destroy:
But a fond Nymph Admirer of thy Face,
As *Echo* once of fair *Narcissus* was.

Thou e'en in Dangers dost thy Fancy please,
Striving with Toyl the hunted Game to seize:
While wretched me, who languish for thy sake,
When in thy Net thou dost refuse to take.

But I, alas, in vain attempt to find
Effects of Pity in a hard'ned Mind:
As soon the Hare its Hunters may pursue,
As I with Prayers thy cruel Heart subdue.

My Pow'r, I see, cannot thy Steps retain
Thus led by Sports, and wing'd by thy Disdain.

Compares the Troubles which he has undergone
for Cynthia's Love, to the Labours of
Hercules.

NOT *Hercules* himself did undertake
Such toylsome Labours for his Mistress sake :
As I for many Years with endless Pain,
The Slave of Love, Love's grand Fatigues sustain.

Tho' he slew *Hydra* ; From th'Infernal King,
Did the three-headed yelping Porter bring ;
Tyrants destroy'd ; *Nemean* Lyon tare,
And 'twas Burden on his Shoulders bare.

To stand the Scorns of an Imperious Brow ;
To feel such Hate as would no Truce allow ;
A stubborn Heart by patient Suffering, tame ;
And with weak Rhythms, exalt her Glorious Name ;

These Acts shall more the World with Wonder fill,
Than his who did so many Monsters kill ;
To conquer a crafty Bull ; Disturb Hell's Court ;
To rob the *Hesperian* Garden, and Heav'n support,

The TROPHY.

NOW, now, my Heart's my own again,
The Vict'ry's won, no more I'll grieve;
My Mind's at Peace, 'tis eas'd of Pain
And now I shall with Pleasure live.
Lovers from your IDOL fly,
He's the common ENEMY;
Let him flatter, let him smile,
All his Drifts are to beguile;
His Poison he distills,
By cunning ARTS,
Into our HEARTS,
And then with torment kills;
Trust not his deluding FACE,
Dang'rous is his kind Embrace;
Believe not what you hear or see,
For He's made up of TREACHERY;
Nor be by TRICKS into his Ambush charm'd,
The more He naked seems, the more He's arm'd.

CLAUDIAN,

In *Sphæram* Archimedis,

Englified.

JOVE saw the Sphere Old *Archimedes* made,
And to the other Gods, he laughing said,
Such wondrous Skill can crafty Mortals get,
Of my great Work to make the Counterfeit?

Heav'n's and Earth's Constitutions, fixt by Fate,
This *Syracusans* Art does imitate ;
His various Planets their just Order have,
Keeping by Springs the Motions which he gave ;

Thro' the twelve Signs his Sun compleats its Years,
And each new Month, his Mock-New-Moon appears ;
Pleas'd with his World, this Artist unconfin'd,
Boldly rules Heav'n in his aspiring Mind.

No more *Salmonens* Thunder I admire,
Here's one has ap'd all Nature's Works entire.

The

The Frailty of Man's Life.

THE Life we strive to lengthen out,
Is like a Feather rais'd from Ground,
A while in Air 'tis tost about,
And almost lost as soon as found;

If it continue long in sight,
'Tis sometimes high and sometimes low,
Yet proudly aims a tow'ring Flight,
To make the more conspicuous Show.

The Air with ease its Weight sustains,
Since 'tis by Nature light, and frail;
Seldom in quiet State remains,
For Troops of Dangers it assail.

And after various Conflicts with its Foes,
It drops to Earth, the Earth from whence it rose.

*Posidippus the Comic Poet,
Of the Miseries attending Mankind,*

Beginning Ποῖλω τὸς βίωτος τὰ μὲν τεύχον;—

O H Mis'ry of Mankind! For at the Bar
Are Strifes and Quarrels; At our Houses, Care;
In Fields, hard Labour; Dangers, on the Sea;
Who travels rich, can ne'er from Fears be free;

Grievous is Want; Marriage, Eternal Strife;
A Single, is a Solitary Life;
Children, bring Care, and Trouble; To have none,
The Happiness of Wedlock is not known;

Our Youth, is Folly; E'er we can grow wise,
We're Old, and loaded with Infirmities.
So we may wish, who have th'Experience try'd,
That we had ne'er been born: Or, soon as born had dy'd.

Metro-

*Metrodorus the Athenian Philosopher,
Of the Blessings attending Mankind.*

Contradicting the former.

Beginning Παντοῦ βίοντι τῶν κατὰ τὴν φύσιν

H Appy Mankind ! For where we fix to live,
The Gods a Blessing to that Station give ;
If at the Bar it be our Lot to plead, ✓
There Wisdom reigns, and there is Justice weigh'd ;

Or if at home we would our selves maintain,
We there by Industry may Riches gain,
Of Nature's Bounty, Fields the Prospect show ;
From Sea the Merchant knows his Treasures flow ;

Who travels rich, with Honour does appear ;
Who has least Wealth, hath still the less to fear ;
If married, thou may'st rule as Lord at home ;
If single, hast the Liberty to roam ;

Children, the Comfort of our Lives procure ;
If, none, we are from thousand Cares secure ;
To Exercise, and Sports, is Youth inclin'd ;
Old Age does ever Veneration find :

So we may those Imprudent Fools deride, (di'd.
That wish they'd ne'er been born : or soon as born had
From

From *Menander* the Athenian,
To make a Married Life happy.

Γυνὴ πολυπλὺς ἐς ὄχλησεν,---

A Brisk young Wife, who did a Fortune bring,
Proves to her Husband a vexatious Thing;
Yet these Advantages to him she gives,
By her, in his Posterity, He lives;

She takes of him, when sick, a prudent Care,
In his Misfortunes bears an equal share;
To her, for Ease, he does his Grievs impart,
Her pleasant Converse often cheers his Heart;

And when (if she survive) he ends his Life,
She does the Office of a pious Wife.
Set these against her Ills; and you will find
Reasons to quiet your uneasy Mind:

But if you'll strive her Temper to reclaim,
Slight these good Things, the bad expose to Shame,
And no Compliance to her Humour lend,
To your Vexations ne'er shall be an End.

Simo-

Simonides 'Εἰς τῶν ἀνθρώπων βίον.

On Man's LIFE.

Beginning

Ὅυδέν ἐν ἀνθρώποις μένει χρόνῳ ἔμπεδον αἰεί.

NO Humane thing in Constancy will stay ;
The Learned *Cbian* us'd of old to say,
Our Life was frailer than the Fading Leaves ;
Which Man forgets, and scarce its Flight perceives :

He harbours Idle Fancies in his Brain,
Many which he from Childhood did retain :
And whilst his Vigour lasts, he's still inclin'd
To fill with Trifles his unsettled Mind ;

On Age or Death ne'er thinks, nor takes he care
Health to preserve, or Active Limbs to spare.
We to more serious Things our Minds should give ;
Youth hasts, and we have little time to live.

To weigh this well, is a Material Part,
This Thought's of VVorth, record it in thy Heart.

From

From two Elegies of *Mimnermus*.

Ψόγῳ Ὁ Γήρως. *The Contempt of Old Age.*

The first being imperfect begins,

Ἄλλ' ὀλιγοχρόνιον γίγεται, ----

TIS a short time our precious Youth will stay :

Like some delightful Dream it steals away ;

And then comes on us, creeping in its stead,

Benumbing Old Age, with its hoary Head ;

Which Beauty spoils, our Nerves with Crampings binds,
It clouds our Eyesight, and disturbs our Minds.

When *Jove* to *Tithon* endless Old Age gave,

'Twas sure of greater Terror than the Grave.

Some have in Youth been for their Beauty pris'd,

Which when deform'd by Age, become despis'd ;

Then peevish grown, and vex'd at Childrens Slight,

Take not abroad, nor at their Homes delight.

Bed-rid, and scorn'd, with Pains, and Rheums, they lye :

The Gods on Age throw all this Misery.

From

From *Anaxandrides* the *Rhodian* Poet.

In Praise of Old Age.

Beginning *Οὐτοι τὸ γῆρας ἔστιν,
Τῶν ποτῶν μέγιστον---*

OLD-Age which we both hope, and fear to see,
Is no such Burden as it seems to be:
But it *uneas*'ly if we *undergo*,
'Tis then our selves take pains to make it so.

A yielding Patience will create our Ease,
So do the VVise compound in Youth for Peace.
VVho thus *complies*, both to himself is kind,
VVhilst he secures the Quiet of his Mind:

And to his Friends a just Respect does show,
VVhich gains him Love, and Veneration too.

From *Crates* the Philosopher, on the same.

Beginning *Ἠδιδόκῃς μὴ γῆρας οἷς κακὸν μέγα---*

SOME giddy Fools do Rev'rend Age deride,
But who enjoy'd it not, untimely di'd;
VVe pray we may to good Old Age attain,
And then of its Infirmities complain;
But their insatiate Minds I must admire,
VVho Old, Infirm, and Poor, can longer Life desire.

The

The timely MEMENTO.

TH E shipwreck'd Bark cannot more sure convey
 Our Humane Life into the Raging Sea :
 Nor Darts to Mark can more directly fly :
 Nor Floods to th' Ocean, than we post to dye.

Then happy thou, who dost so well begin,
 And so thy Race hold on, the Palm to win !
 Blest Runner ! that when tyr'd, and lying down,
 Dost rise possess'd of an Eternal Crown.

Only by closing here thy Mortal Eyes,
 Opens the Passage to Cœlestial Joys.
 Then let him take the Earth who loves to reign,
 Yet a small Tract, e'er long, shall him contain ;

Where he as Monarch cannot be obey'd,
 For sawcy Worms his Limits shall invade.
 If all must dye, why should we fear and grieve,
 Since Dying is the only way to live ?

M

On

The

On Good Friday,

The Day of our Saviour's Passion.

WEEP this great Day! Let Tears oreflow your Eyes;
When Father gave his Son in Sacrifice;
This Day for us his pretious Blood was spilt,
Whose Dying made Atonement for our Guilt.

He on a Cross, with Shame, gave up his Breath,
E'en He who could not dye, did suffer Death:
Closing his Eyes, to Heav'n He op'd a way,
And gave those Life who then expiring lay.

Death did against our Souls those Arms prepare,
But He the Fury of the Conflict bare;
To guard our Lives his Body was the Shield,
And by our Gen'ral's Fall, we gain the Field.

When Graves shall open, Temples Vail be torn,
The El'ments weep, & Heav'ns themselves shall mourn:
O Hearts more hard than Stones, not to relent!
May we shed pious Tears, and of our Sins repent.

Rhianon

Rhianus the Cretan.

Περὶ ἀφροσύνης.

OF IMPRUDENCE.

Ἦ Ἄρα ὃ μάλιστα πάντες ἀμαρτίνουσι πελὺμας
Ἀνθρώποι, —

What is't that thus frail Men with Errour blinds?
Who bear Heav'n's Gifts in such imprudent
The Poor with Eyes, and Hearts dejected go, (Minds;
Charging the Gods as Authors of their Woe;
They suit their Habit to their humble State,
And scarce their Minds with Vertues cultivate;
How they should speak, or move, they stand in fear,
When 'mongst the Rich, and Pow'rful they appear;
They ev'ry Gesture do to Sadness frame,
And blushing Faces shew their inward Shame.

But he whom Heav'n has blest with lib'ral Hand,
And giv'n him o'er his Fellow Men Command,
Forgets he on the Earth his Feet does place,
Or that his Parents were of Mortal Race;
He, swell'd with Pride, in Thunder speaks like Jove,
Does in a Sphere above his Betters move.

But tho' so Rich, so Stately, and so Grave,
Has not more stock of Brains than others have.
Yet would he climb to Heav'n to find a Seat
Amongst the Gods, and at their Banquets eat.
Till swift-wing'd *Aur*, Mischief's Deity,
Light on his Head, e'er he her Coming spy ;
Who can her self in various Shapes disguise,
When Old or Young, she would in Snares surprize ;
She on Poor Fools, as well as those in Height,
Does to great *Jove*, and to *Astrea* Right.

Timocle

Timocles the Athenian

*His Remedies against the Miseries of Man's
LIFE.*

More at large exemplified.

Ὡς πάντων ἀχυστὸν ἦν τι σοὶ δοκῶ λέγειν.

Consider well this Truth, for 'tis of Use,
Nature did ne'er a Thing like Man produce,
So charg'd with Ills, from which so seldom free.
Sometimes his Life's a Scene of Misery.
Nor Humane Industry can Respite gain,
For his Soul's Anguish, or his Body's Pain,
But by reflecting what some Men endure,
Which to himself may present Ease procure,
And Tales of what in former times was done,
Laid in the Scale, and weigh'd against his own.

Art thou reduc'd to beg from door to door?
When *Telephus* was young he suffer'd more;
In Woods expos'd, without Relief he lay,
For some devouring Beasts a Royal Prey;
If thou, with his, thy Miseries compare,
Thou wilt confess he had the greatest share.

Have Troubles turn'd thy Brain to make thee rage?
Thoughts of *Alcmaon* may thy Griefs allwage;
By Fury's scourg'd, he Mad, in Torments di'd,
Yet justly suffer'd for his Parricide.

Wert thou by chance, or made by others blind?
Call *OEdipus* the *Theban* King to mind;
Who quit his Throne, himself of sight depriv'd,
Became more wretched still, the more he liv'd,
Till Sorrow brake his Heart, which scarcely cou'd
Atone for Incest, and his Father's Bloud.

Thy Son if dead, or was in Battel slain?
A greater Loss did *Niobe* sustain;
She saw her fourteen Children slaughter'd ly,
A Punishment for her IMPIETY,
Who great *Latona's* Offspring had defy'd,
By whom, thus Childless, drown'd in Tears, she dy'd.

On *Phoebetes* think, should'st thou be lame;
He a most pow'ful Prince endur'd the same;
To conquer *Troy* he shew'd the *Greeks* a Way,
To whom he did the Fatal Shafts betray;
His Foot disclos'd the Secret of his Heart,
For which, that treach'rous Foot endur'd the Smart.

Hast thou thy Life in Ease and Pleasure led,
 Till Age contract thy Nerves, and bow thy Head?
 Then, of thy greatest Joy on Earth, bereft,
 O'erwhelm'd in Sorrow, and Despair, art left?
 So old King *OEnen* lost his valiant Son,
 For Sights himself had to *Diana* shown,
 Slain by his Mother when he had destroy'd
 The *Bear*, which long his Father's Realm annoy'd:
 Which Actress in this Mischief felt her share,
 Her self becoming her own Murtherer.
 The Father losing thus his Son, and Wife,
 Ended in Cryes and Tears his wretched Life.

Are Kings thus forc'd to yield to rig'rous Fate?
 It may Thy lesser Ills alleviate.

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